

club INTERNATIONAL

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**TT HERE
WE COME!
WHO'S RIDING
LINZI TO
THE RACES?**

**NUDE
AEROBICS
FAITH BROWN**
Fully clad

CARRY ON
The bare facts

**SIX SEXY
SIRENS**

club Catwalk

Boy! Not only is that what you're likely to say when you see Maureen's get-up, it's also where the gear comes from. If you think you've seen the name before, Boy often advertise in one of the trendy music papers, betraying their status as being at the forefront of punk/post punk fashion in the country.

However, it's plain to see Boy have changed their image considerably - Maureen's clothes are a far cry from the rubber and leather punk gear with which the shop started out in the late '70s. The crushed velvet shirt (£28.95), Regency trousers (£29) and waistcoat (£25) look as though they were designed in a mood of anti-punk rebellion!

The lace jacket (£50) and satin bra (£18.14) are timeless - designed to look good whatever the dictates of fashion might be at any given time.

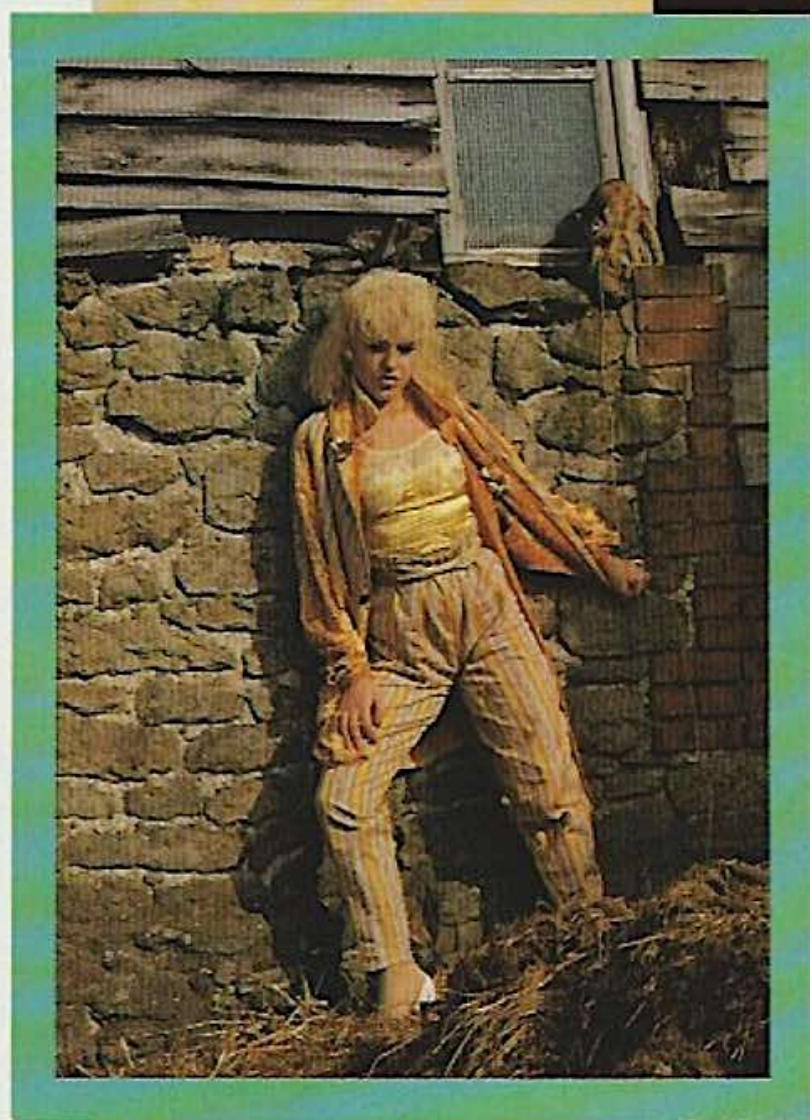
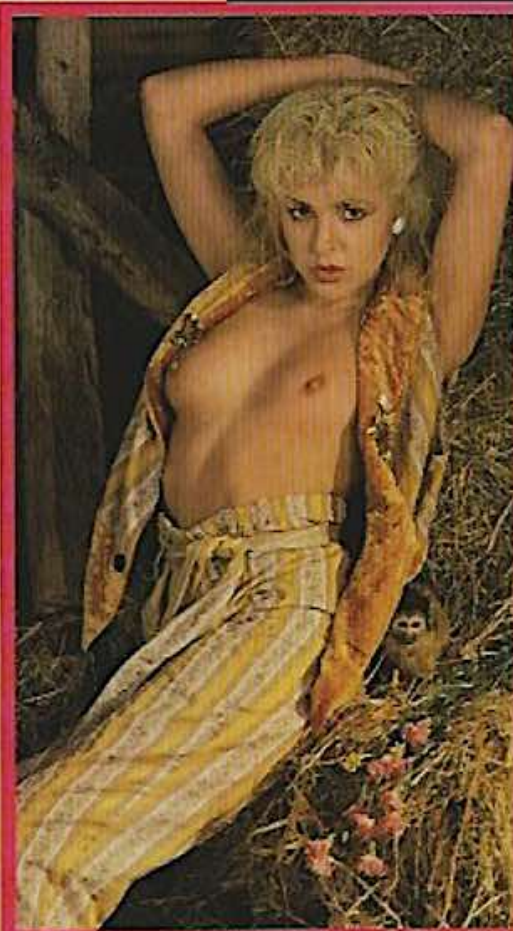
All clothes are from Boy, Hyper Hyper, Kensington High Street and 153 King's Road, both London.

The Designer



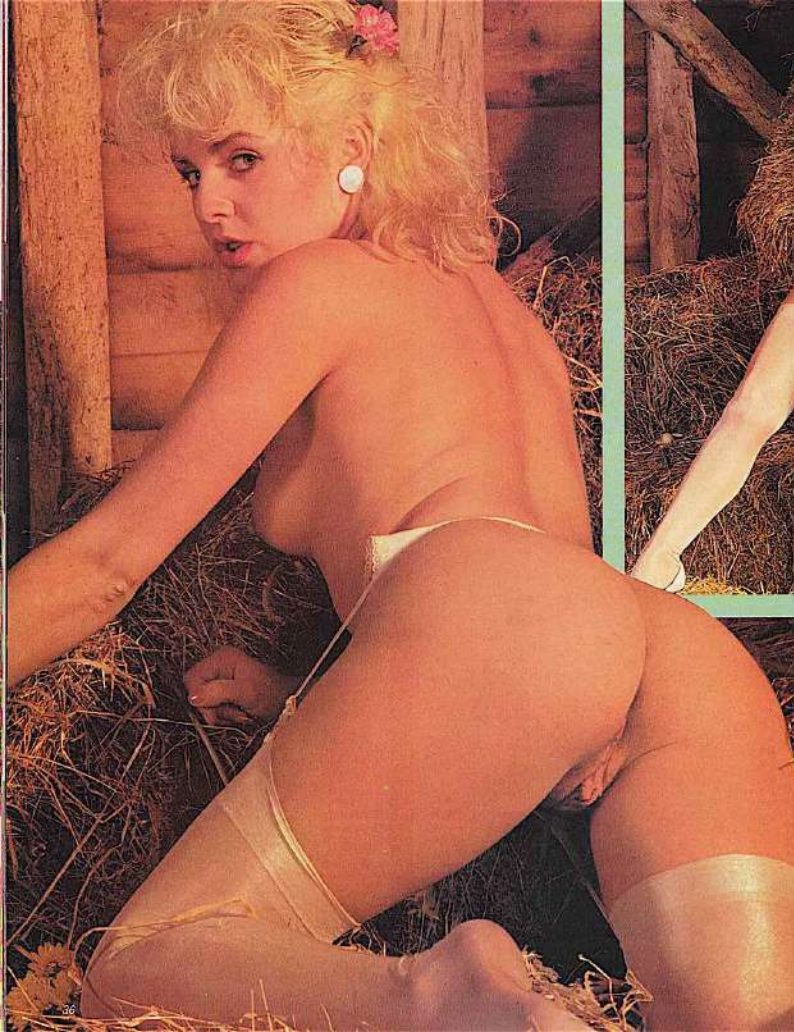
Stephane Raynor is the man behind Boy, which he runs with his partner/girlfriend, Stina. An impressive list of celebrities who endorse the Boy merchandise includes Boy George, Angie Bowie, Tracey Ullman, Pamela Stephenson and Marilyn.

The success of Boy has enabled them to open up in Tokyo, where Western fashion is big business.









club Event

Jane Fonda, Felicity Kendal and all the rest of them have a lot to answer for. It's thanks to them that gymnasias the length and breadth of the country are packed with young, leotard-clad ladies strutting their funky stuff.

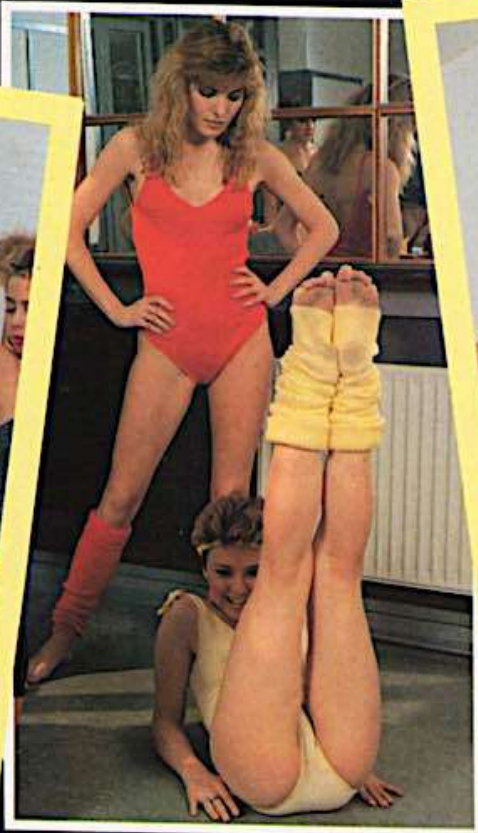
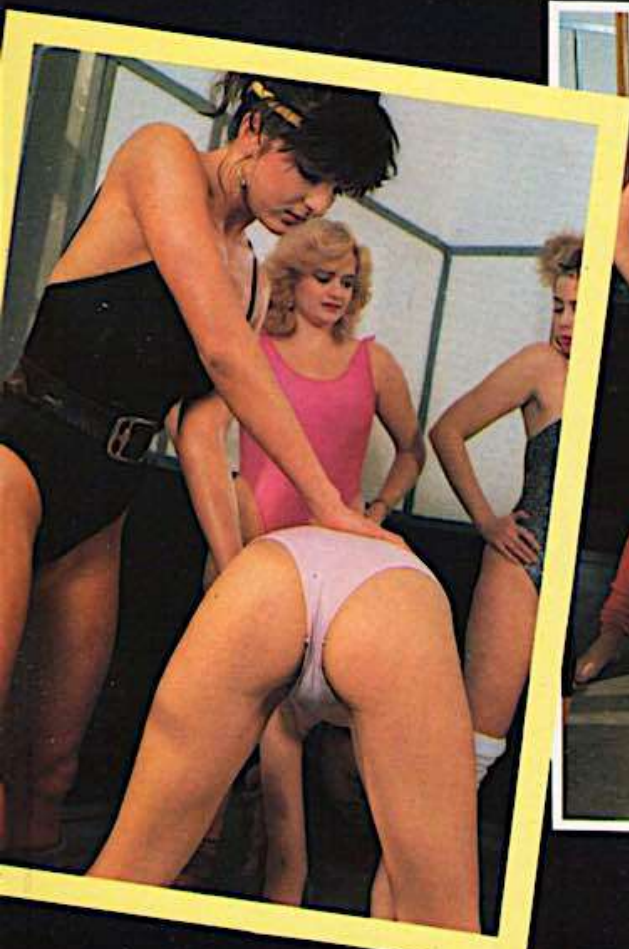
Yes, to Jane, Felicity and all the other trendsetters, we're eternally grateful!

Well, we thought it was high time we jumped on the bandwagon and arranged a *Club Event* with an aerobics slant. We lined up some of the choicest female flesh we could lay our hands on (not literally: this job's not *all* fun and games, you know), signed up an aerobics teacher known for her dedication to, er, *hard work*, and asked her to put the girls through their paces.

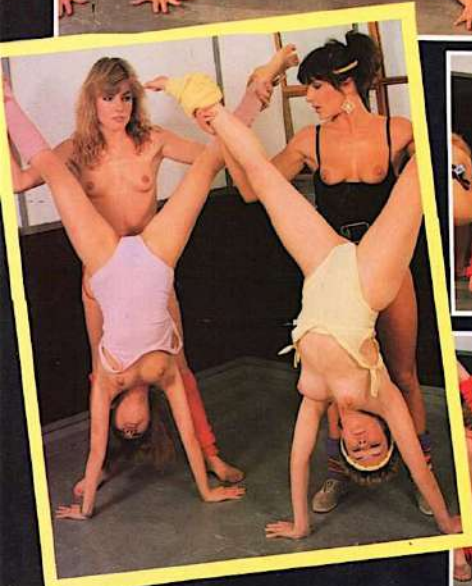
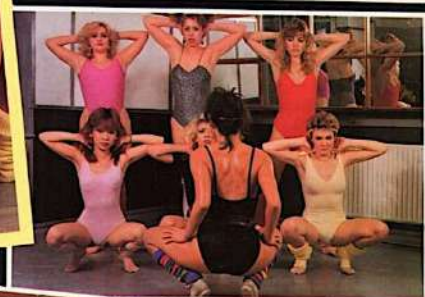
After the session, there was a mass exodus to the bar – and the girls had certainly earned their pints of lager. We hadn't, but we joined in anyway. Well, someone had to keep an eye on them ...



Photographs by Dave Antony



club
Event



club Event



Got any fun events lined up in the near future? Then why not invite Club along to reel off a few spoofs? Send your invitations to Club 'Event', Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

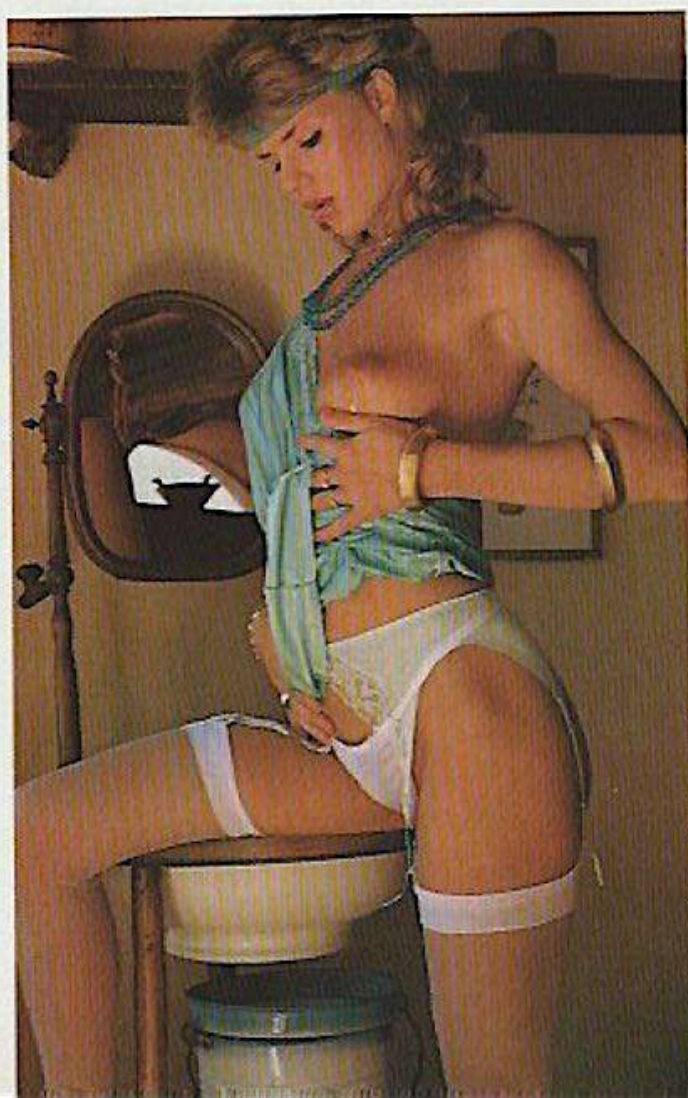
Photographs by Sarah Joyce



HELGA











club



Janet

Photographs by Robert Lorraine











LIFE WITH

Linzi

It might take a long time to bash out Life With Linzi with just my left hand, but the show must go on!

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International*...

Well, well, lads; no prizes for guessing who's been a silly girl! I was hoping to be telling you all this month what a fab time I'd been having learning to ride a motor bike, in preparation for my trip to the TT races next month, but life with Linzi is anything but predictable!

The fateful day arrived, and our little Club team met up at our riverside rendezvous in Richmond, where our delicious lady biker Debbie Elliott – a very good and experienced 'rider', so the boys say! – was going to give me a little tuition. We had all the right gear; I was dressed from top to toe in figure-hugging leathers. Bloody good job I was, as I'd only just got my 'leg over' the little 125 when I did a triple somersault and a good old Evel Knievel wheelie, straight into a parked van. You could say I kind of lost the hang of things then!

I should have just clung on to Debbie and been a happy pillion passenger, but as I've been driving a car since I was 17, I thought it was gonna be so easy-peasy. It most certainly was not, and I was rushed off to Roehampton hospital to be put back together again! They were absolutely wonderful (in fact, if you're planning to have an accident, I strongly recommend you do it within easy access of Queen Mary's!).

Gruesome

Anyway, I shan't depress you all with the gruesome details of my injuries. Suffice to say my normally nicely-tanned body is now a delicate shade of purple and lemon, my right wrist is completely smashed and broken, and I'm going to have my arm in plaster and a sling for at least six weeks. Yuk!

That's why I'm here at home with my little typewriter, desperately trying to master the art of typing with my left hand! Mind you, there's one consolation – I was feeling much more chipper last night, because I found that, when it comes to wanking, I'm ambidextrous!

Other things aren't quite so easy – taking my devilish dogs for a walk is an absolute nightmare, and bathing and dressing takes at least two or three hours (although I've had quite a few offers of help on that one!).

Anyway, my plaster should be off just in time for my trip to the Isle of Man, to watch those hunky men zoom around on their mean monster machines. But there's no way they're gonna get me on one again – any riding I shall be involved in will be strictly of a far more pleasurable kind!

Frolicking

The Ed and I decided you probably wouldn't fancy too many pictures of me hobbling around looking 'armless', so we settled on showing you these pretty pictures of me frolicking in the beautiful countryside of the Isle of Man, taken on my visit to the TT last year. It was bloody chilly, but great fun!

This month hasn't been all dramas, though. I celebrated my birthday just a couple of weeks back. I've reached the grand old age of 25 – a quarter of a century (groan!). When models reach that age, they usually stick with it until their modelling days are long gone. I think I'll adopt the same idea, and won't even mention it next year! Anyway, I had such a 'ball' this time, I just must tell you all about it.

I didn't fancy having a really wild party with dozens of people, as I'm sure that would've resulted in the demolition of my newly-decorated flat. So I plumped for a small, sophisticated dinner party. Very cosy!

But, of course, it did get very

wild as well. When I said 'sophisticated', I didn't actually mean dinner suits and Hooray Henrys, but just a nice selection of a few close friends all ready to enjoy themselves! Myself and my flatmate, Big-Dick Honey (who, no doubt, you'll remember I told you is hung like a horse, hence my affectionate nickname for him), invited along four guys and four girls.

We didn't actually invite any couples, but tried to select a fun-loving bunch who we knew would be seated around my dining table, eyeing up all the members of the opposite sex, and deciding who they'd like to get their hands on first! Although that's not strictly true about the 'opposite sex' bit, we randy girls were ogling anything that moved!

The evening began at eight. After cracking open a bottle of champagne, we all sat down to dinner. I cooked a little speciality of mine, *coq au scrumpy*, which is similar to *coq au vin*, only the wine is replaced by good old West Country cider and cream – hence the name *coq au scrumpy* or 'cock', whichever you prefer! I've always been more than a little partial to that, as I'm sure there's no need to remind you.

Naughty Movie

After plenty of scoffing, boozing and groping under the table, some bright spark suggested a naughty movie.

'Sounds like a good idea to me,' I laughed, as I hurried off to sort through my collection to see which one would be the most satisfying! We decided on one from lady photographer/film maker Suze Randall –



Never again will I take the simple act of undressing for granted (even though I do it quite a lot!)



After this episode, I've assigned doggy-walking duties to my flatmate...



Take a good look – it's not often you'll see me well-plastered!

LIFE WITH *Linzi*

Suze's Hot Reel's. I met Suze and her husband four years ago when I was holidaying in LA: a very talented lady and oh-so-naughty! I've been enjoying her films ever since and they are, without a doubt, very hot indeed!

We all settled in front of the TV in my living room, which is

filled to the brim with floor scatter cushions... I find them so convenient in more ways than one, and so did a few of the others. It didn't take long before there were a few stiff cocks waving about and I thought it was about time I should catch one!

Engrossed

One of the guys I really fancied, Paul, was already deeply engrossed with my very rampant friend, Mandy. Paul appeals to me 'cos he's only 18, and a right little chuchface. By the look of his rock-hard cock, there seemed to be plenty for the taking, so I joined Mandy and began furiously

sucking his cock and balls. It made me so wet as both our tongues worked him to a terrific orgasm. Just as I was tasting his lovely hot come, I felt firm hands grabbing me as I knelt with my bum in the air. I was wearing a pair of very wet, tight knickers, which I felt being torn off and being replaced by a nice, warm cockhead. It eased slowly in and out, rubbing my slippery clit as it did.

I actually had no idea who was fucking me, but as all the guys I had invited to my little birthday treat were equally fuckable, I decided it was much more fun not to turn around and look: it was like an amazing fantasy, being wonderfully





You see, there are places on the Isle of Man where you can escape the rigours of TT Week. I think I'll pay a return visit to this lovely spot this year.

LIFE WITH *Linzi*



I adore exposing myself to the elements; it's so invigorating. You should try it some time!





screwed by some gorgeous guy and trying to guess just who it was. I knew it wasn't Paul, because I could see Mandy was still in there (or, should I say, Paul was still in there!).

Anyway, I was left with the choice of three, presuming it wasn't my huge-plonkered flat-mate, whose techniques I'm sure I would have recognized after sharing a flat with him for a couple of years! I wouldn't say he had a huge cock, but I've just had to have a loft extension to cater for his hard-ons (any more gags like that, and you're fired! — Ed.). No, this was definitely a new fuck.

Mystery Lover

All this fantasizing made me climax very quickly, and as we both began to come, I glanced around to catch sight of my mystery lover who was doing such a great job.

After I'd recovered slightly, Terry, who had just been riding hell out of me, asked if I had guessed it was him. Strangely enough, although I had fancied all three of the guys it might have been, he had been the one I least thought it was! I suppose it just goes to show: you can't tell just by looking at somebody whether or not they're a good fuck!

Luckily, Terry turned up trumps. Not only did he help with the washing-up the following afternoon, he also took all my cushion covers to the laundry after my mucky mates had finished with them! He's even coming round to help me have a bath tonight — strictly medicinal, of course!

Well, you guys, I think that's just about all I can muster up for this month. I seem to have mastered this left-handed business, but I don't fancy overworking it, as I don't want to cramp my style tonight with Tricky Terry!

Cosy Cottage

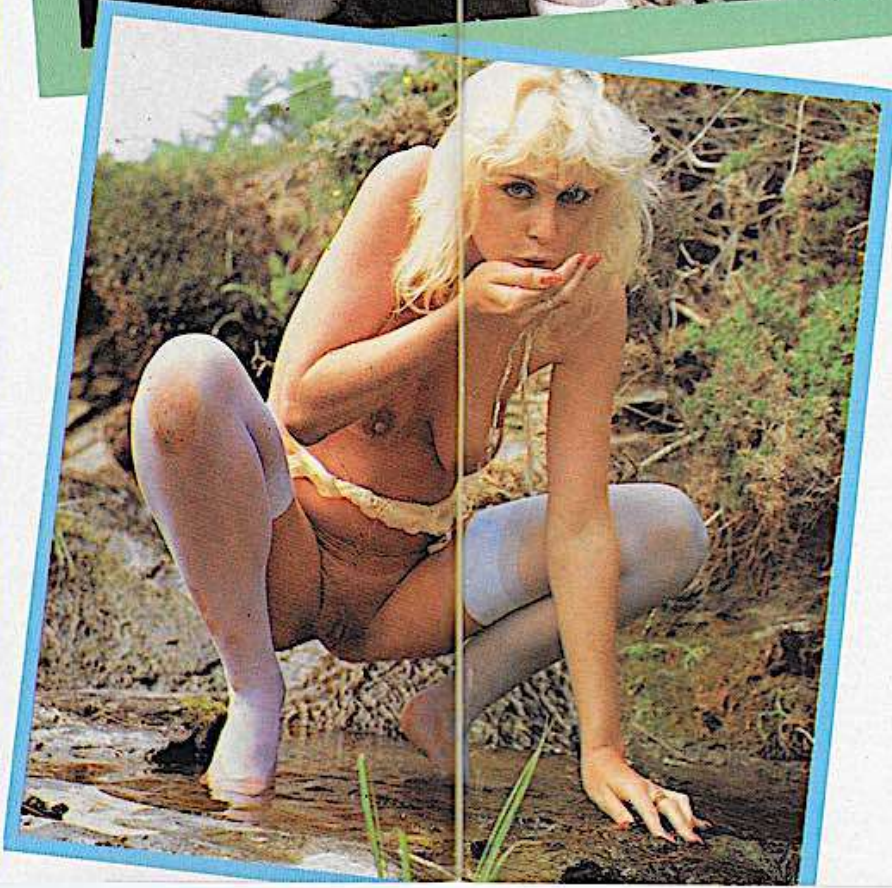
I've just had a nice telephone call from an old friend of mine, who's invited me to convalesce at his cosy cottage in the Cotswolds (that's a real tongue-teaser — just like me!). And Club International will be sending a photographer along to catch me in the act (convalescing, I mean, but I'm always hopeful about the other!).

So, fellas, I look forward to meeting up with some of you very soon during the hustling, bustling TT week on the Isle of Man, by which time I'm hoping to have two good arms to play



LIFE WITH
Linzi





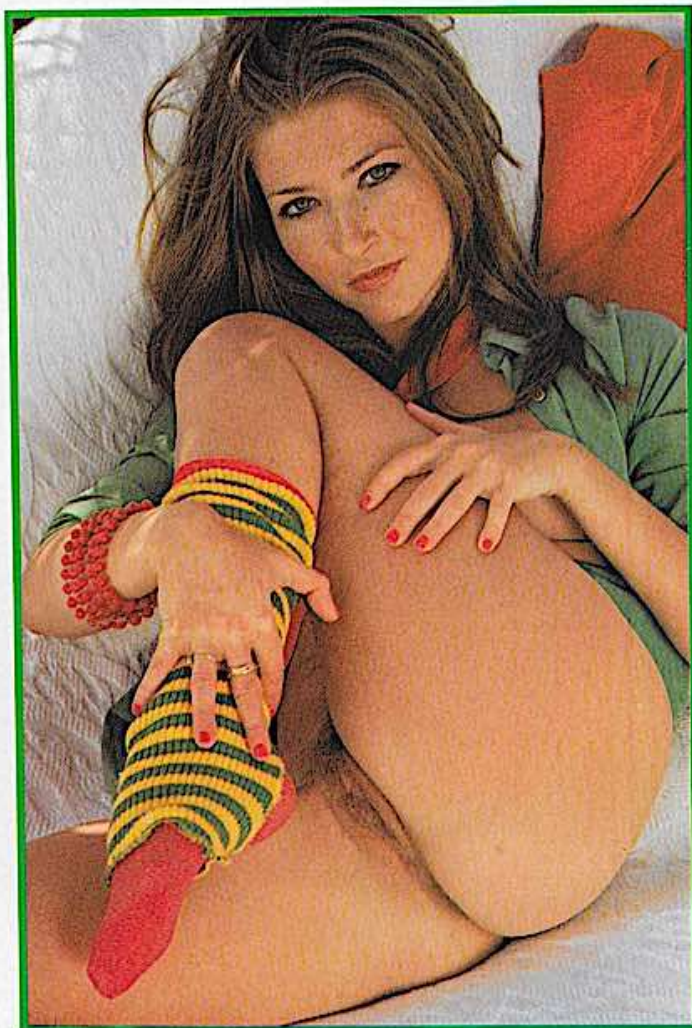
NICOLE

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Tammy









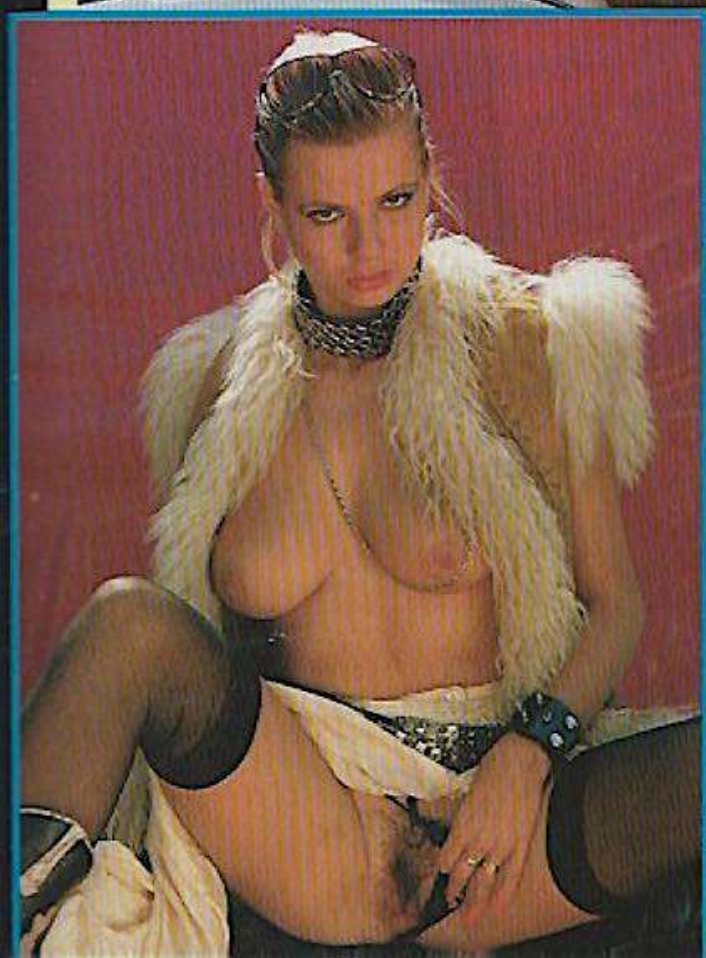




Photographs by Serge Jacques

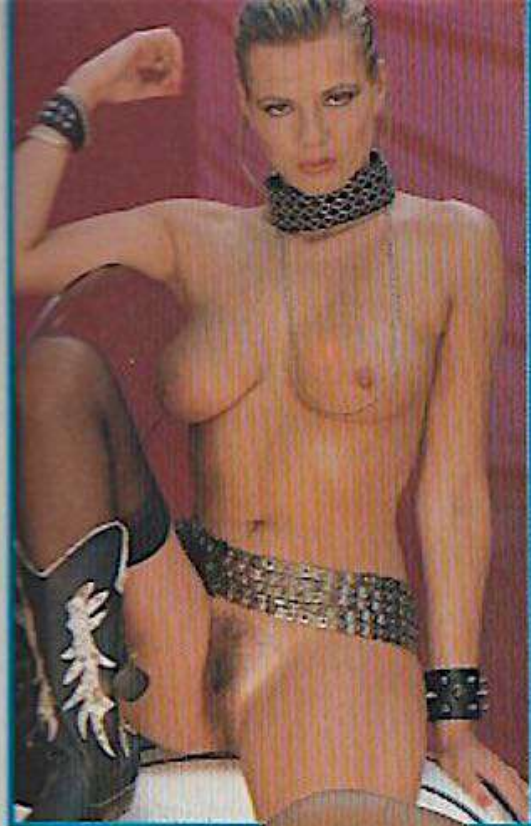


Tania









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club Content



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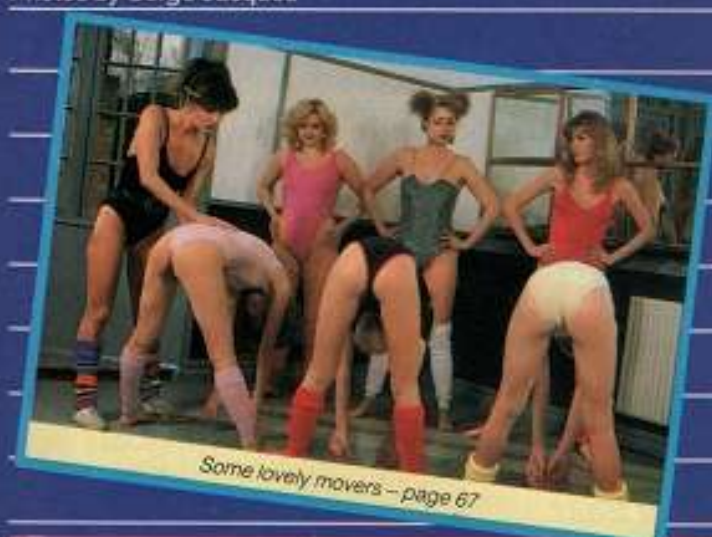
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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Same Difference

Either you have been fooled, or you are trying to fool us, the readers. For unless I am sadly mistaken, Stephanie (Vol 14 No 3) is none other than Chantale (Vol 14 No 2), but with a different hairstyle and without the tan. I am not complaining about the quality, but the deceit.

Other than this, there is only one thing stopping Vol 14 No 3 from being perfect, and that is *Club Biker*. I have no interest in bikes, but if you need to have a section on this subject, please get a girl who is willing to have herself photographed totally nude, as Debbie is driving me crazy with her constant topless (but not bottomless) poses.

Even if it is just once, couldn't she do one proper set?

TN, London NW2
Ten out of ten for observation, TN. We didn't set out to deceive

you, though: Stephanie was the name given to us by the photographer and the change in hairstyle did indeed fool us. Just goes to show even *Club International* isn't infallible! — Ed

Debbie Elliott adds: Driving you crazy, eh? That's exactly the effect I like to have on men!

Game For It

I thought, after getting extremely wet knickers from reading all the readers' letters, I had to write and tell you about the favourite sex game of my fiancé and me.

About 7pm, we have a hot bath and wash each other all over. He pays special attention to my pussy and I concentrate on his cock, making him hard and very ready for action. Then we rub each other dry and I suck his cock to give him a taste of the fun to come.

Then we climb into bed and he powders my body, rubbing his hands all over my pert tits and between my wet, tingling thighs. Then I kiss him, starting from his neck and working down to his hard cock. I push it into the back of my mouth,

giving him a really good shafting.

My pussy is near his shoulder as I lie by his side, and he moves his hand so he can finger my wet hole. Then he gets a seven-inch vibrator out and slips that in and out of me, all the while looking at my twat while I suck his cock.

He usually makes me come, and I suck him until he shoots his load, but sometimes he drags me off him and shoves it up me doggy-style. I love this, because he can play with my clit at the same time. Then we both explode — his juices flooding me, and mine mingling with his until it begins to run down his thighs. He pulls out and licks me clean.

After that, we're both so knackered, we sleep!

RT, Cheltenham

Pasta-bating

I have heard of many different ways in which us men can jerk off — cock in the vacuum cleaner, between the pillows, up a rubber doll, etc.

Well, my favourite way is doing it into a tumbler of warm spaghetti. What you do is this: half-fill the tumbler with spaghetti and cover the top with sellophane, eg some wrapping from a sliced loaf. Then make a nice-sized hole for your cock to fit into.

With your favourite mag in front of you, it's a great way to come! — Peter, Exeter
And if you're into healthy wanks, presumably you could use wholemeal spaghetti? — Ed.

Go East

I'm glad you show all races of women, as I find them all very attractive. However, your sets of Oriental girls are few and far between — the women of Japan, China and Thailand have a very special beauty all of their own, as I have found on my annual holidays.

I realize these women tend to have small breasts, but I have



A tasty taster of what's to come...

been with some large-breasted Chinese women who are attractive. But they don't model, they only sell their bodies.

As you seem to be able to find attractive ladies who will remove their clothes for your cameras, please find and feature some well-endowed Oriental girls. Their slim waists and pretty faces will send many pulses racing. — David, Oxon
I think next month's *Club* will be right up your street. — Ed.

Forward Femme

I'm writing to tell you of an experience I had last year.

I was collecting glasses at the university bar, where I worked part-time, one Friday night. I noticed a few girls I hadn't seen before, and very nice they were, too. So I went to collect glasses from their table.

The blonde one in the middle of the group dropped her lighter on the floor (on purpose, I later found out). As she bent to pick it up, I got an eyeful of the biggest tits I've ever seen. She was obviously well aware of what I'd seen, and gave me a knowing smile.

Anyway, after a few more drinks, my heart leaped into my mouth when I saw her calling me over. She asked me if I knew of any parties that were on. Seizing the opportunity, I said there were none that I knew of, but we could arrange a private one back at my flat.

I couldn't believe my luck when she said what a good idea that was. My knob had been aching ever since I first saw those wonderful jugs. So, when at last I'd finished work, we hurried back to my flat.



Can you spot the likeness? We couldn't!

Now, I'm not saying she was forward, but when I had returned from making some coffee in the kitchen, she was lying naked on the floor, with a candle from the mantelpiece lodged firmly up her dripping cunt. She was moaning away like there was no tomorrow.

Stunned, I almost dropped the coffee, but managed to put it down safely. She wasted no time in ripping my clothes off and riding up and down on my by now rock-hard cock. After ten minutes of ferocious pumping, we both came.

She then suggested something that has totally changed my outlook on sex: she asked me to put on her crotchless panties, which I did readily. This made my knob stand to attention immediately, and I gave her two more fucks, doggy-style.

Now, if ever I fuck a girl, I always try to get her knickers off her... and on me.

JJ, Nottingham

The Real Thing

Though I doubt you will publish this letter, it would give me great pleasure to see it in print, and certainly restore my faith in the fact that readers' letters are genuine. *DPD, Liverpool*
And the rest of you will just have to take our word for it that this letter is genuine... - Ed.

Hair We Go

The lead letter in Vol 14 No 2 is the most important you have ever printed. Female underarm hair - YES please, please, please! Lots of pictures every month, please.

I'm lucky enough to have three women in my life, and they each have underarm hair. It's gorgeous, and it doesn't smell any more than a man's does if he washes.

I've not bothered to write to your sort of magazine before, because I have always presumed the letters to be fantasy drivel. Now, I can't make this letter a long one, because the beautiful 19-year-old blonde twins from next door have just come in to borrow a cup of sugar and one of them isn't wearing any clothes at all. The other one has her blouse undone and her knickers in her hand.

As my wife is in Scotland visiting a sick relative, this might be fun. If I stand up, the girls might just happen to notice the enormous bulge my 11½-inch prick is making in my trousers. Then, hopefully, we



will get round to talking about rude things.

Well, the bit about underarm hair is true, anyway!

RG, Winchester
I knew you were trying, if on anyway, mate: the 19-year-old twins are with me, and they've both taken their clothes off now. - Ed.

Blossoming Love

I love reading *Readers' Writes* to find out about all the different things readers get up to. Sometimes me and my wife pick up some really good ideas to try out ourselves.

Because of this, I thought I'd return the favour and let Club readers know about an activity Judith and I have just discovered. Who knows - maybe there'll be a few readers trying it out tonight!

Well, there can't be all that many women who, like my wife, are turned on by... flower stems. We came across this erotic accessory quite spontaneously. During a particularly hectic, steamy session one day, we knocked over a vase of plastic flowers which were on the shelf on top of the headboard.

At the time, my wife was on top of me, so the flowers landed on her back. I brushed them aside, but, just for a joke, I picked one up and tickled her arsehole with the stem. To my surprise, she told me she enjoyed the sensation and asked me to do it again.

This time, I spread her legs a little wider and gently stroked her pussy with it, still from

behind. She was now well and truly hooked.

She pushed away from me and lay on her back, rubbing her clitoris with the stem. She indicated she wanted me to guide it into her wet fanny. I did, and it turned her on no end, but she wanted more. After I'd pushed five in (red and yellow roses, if you're interested), she was gasping for something more substantial. I was only too happy to oblige with my own 'stem'.

Watching Judith writhe and groan as she 'watered' the flowers had really given me the horn, and I gave her a shafting to remember.

Next time, we experimented with real flowers, but they were much too fragile and we gave up before one of the stems snapped in an awkward place.

VIBES by Tony Neat



What do you mean you had a premature ejaculation?

It's best to do it with one, leading up to no more than two or three, as this is the best tease - it does a marvellous job of getting her worked up and gasping for the real thing. And me!

Bob, Berwick
We could offer a prize for the best flower arrangement - but I don't think we will. - Ed.

Sex Drive

I've had a chequered history when it comes to doing it in cars. The first time a girl ever wanked me was round by the back of the airport, just after I'd passed my test.

I can remember how awful it was. There wasn't enough room to get into anything like a comfortable position (it was only a Fiat 127), and all I had to show for it was a sore cock for days afterwards. I learned later the girl's nickname was 'Joystick' - for obvious reasons - so it might not have made any difference even if we'd been in a Bentley.

Then a couple of years later, when I'd progressed to a Cavalier, I got engaged to the girl down the road, Terry. The only time we could snatch a quick bonk was when either set of parents had gone out, and younger brothers and sisters were staying with relatives. To put it mildly, this was not a regular occurrence.

So, back to the car. We used to go out on a Friday or Saturday night, with the pretence of going for a few drinks. Regular travellers on the back road that goes by the quarry will testify we never went anywhere near a pub. We had a close shave once when the car started to roll down a hill: we'd been in such a hurry to get at it, I'd forgotten to put the handbrake on.

READERS WRITES

The most memorable of the 'quarry' nights was the first time I ever ate Terry out. I climbed on to the back seat as usual, but she parked her bum on the back of the front passenger seat, legs dangling over my side. Instinctively, I pushed my face into her damp crotch and pulled at her silk panties with my teeth.

I lifted her legs on to my shoulders after I'd taken her panties off. When I moved my face up to her snatch, she tightened her thighs around my head to make sure I wasn't going to give up on the job. I found her clitoris, and revelled in the way she gave little gasps of delight every time my tongue nudged it.

When she came, I decided I liked the taste of love juice and stayed below for another three orgasms-worth.

We decided, not long after, to move to another, flatter location, because Terry got rather upset when a van driver, coming up the hill, caught sight of her gorgeous little bum as she struggled vainly to pull her panties on after a session, and gave his horn a loud honk of approval as he sped past.

It was at this new location, on a forest track near the reservoir, that I experienced my first blow job from Terry (my first of all time had been administered by

Joystick, and she was a damn sight better at that than she was at wanking). I enjoyed it so much, I never took my usual care to watch where the spunk went.

Of course, it was dark at the time and it went by unnoticed. It was only when I picked my dad up from the pub the following lunchtime that it came to light, as it were. It was him who pointed it out to me.

That put a damper on car-shagging for a while, because we'd feel guilty about telling our little white lie. Christ - even when we did want to use the car for 'legitimate' purposes, I found myself going to great pains to explain exactly where we were going and who we would see there.

In fact, I think that episode was probably the major factor in Terry and I deciding to bring our wedding date forward a couple of months. And even though that's more or less put an end to naughties on the back seat, I can add another first to my list: a mind-blowing wank on the M6!

Garry, Morecambe

First Class

My boss paid for me to do a course in bookkeeping at night classes, and I was dreading it - I've always hated studying.

But I felt a lot better on the

first night when I found myself allocated the seat next to the only male in the class. Stuart. He was a real charmer (or so it seemed then), and shook my hand when he introduced himself. I loved his strong, firm grip.

After that, it was a bit difficult to concentrate on the subject (the bookkeeping, I mean). At the end of the class, I was delighted when he asked me if I wanted to go for a drink with him 'to talk over what we'd just discussed in the class'. On the way to the pub in his car - a BMW - he told me he was being groomed to take over his father's construction business, and had to start from the bottom up. I remember thinking how I wished he'd work his way up from my bottom.

By the time we'd had a couple of drinks, it was obvious we both fancied each other. Although I couldn't speak for him, I've never seen the sense in keeping a boy at arm's length for the first few dates 'until I get to know him better'. I believe you should make hay while the sun shines, and go for every opportunity you get.

I mean, most girls I know feel exactly the same, but they seem to think it's the done thing not to let a boy screw you the first time. To hell with protocol!

So I adopted my usual procedure with fanciable blokes which is this: I snuggle up as close as I can to him, and breathe heavily enough for him to feel my breath on his face. If I can, I'll tease him by lightly brushing against his cock on my way back from putting my drink down on the table, making it obvious I meant it, but making it look like an accident at the same time, if you know what I mean.

This did the trick with Stuart, because I could see a prominent bulge appearing in his trousers. After our second drink, he'd had enough. His face was becoming flushed and he began to fidget in his seat. He'd told me earlier he was still living at home with his parents - like me - so when he asked me if I'd like to go for a drive, I knew I'd scored for sure (I know some of you will think this sort of talk is strange, coming from a girl, but that's how I really feel about things).

On the short drive out into the countryside, I had my left hand pressed tightly against my knickers, because I was soaking wet down below, and the

Gi

TANIA

True, she's all done up like one of Genghis Khan's groupies, but somehow one still wouldn't fancy getting on the wrong side of Tania. Unless, of course, one found oneself helplessly restrained à la George Cole in *Blond*, and Tania was using one's rude bits in much the same way as Taras Bulba used the Steppes. Although of course she's anything but the archetypal dominatrix in real life, Tania DOES have a domineering side to her nature, which no doubt explains her success, not just as a model, but as the owner of two highly successful saunas/gymnasiums in Essex: not bad for a girl who isn't 26 until September. At five feet eleven a towering presence, Tania's 'painfully aware' she puts a lot of guys off. In her own words: 'At times I'd give anything to become one of those five feet four inch blandly beautiful blondes. Size eight clobber, size six brain and nothing to worry about except what colour panties to wear on Saturday night. WHY is it in every relationship I have, I seem to wear the trousers? One supposes it's because running a business doesn't give a girl the time she needs to relax and pamper herself. Nevertheless one's invitation to an all expenses-paid weekend in Brighton was gracefully declined... Now move gracefully to page 8!



Continued on page 57

el Talk

HELGA

'Oh my Gawd, it didn't oughta be allowed!' 'Look at the form on THAT!' 'Have a heart, doll, you'll damage me trousers!' Just three of the comments aimed at Helga on our brief walk from the office to the studio - via an ill-advised shortcut through the veg market. Why the heck had she chosen that day of all days to wear a black rubber mini skirt and a silver fox wrap? Damned inconsiderate! Ears burning, wolf whistles still ringing in one's ears, I watched as she undressed, looking even more marvellous in Janet Reger white cotton undies than in her previous appearance in Club, when she was photographed, readers may recall, on the ski slopes at Lucerne. In truth, we encountered some degree of flak for that set. 'There's only one venue for a girl of her class,' wrote Coventry reader D G Radford. 'The bedroom! Somehow I can't imagine getting it together with Helga on a Swiss mountain top!' Well, this set won't prove so demanding on the imagination. There's Helga, all 34-24-34 of her, willing and ready, and chucking vast amounts of cold water over her delectable physique - presumably to cool her ardour for Stanley, Club International's dashing new set stylist. 'Pass the powder puff please,' says Helga, flirting outrageously. Between you and me, darling, that's all he's fit for. ... Another look at the gorgeous Helga starts on page 44.



NICOLE

She's 22, at five foot nothing 'a wee slip of a thing' at first glance, though Nicole compensates lack of stature with an innate, smouldering sexiness ... or maybe it's just that French accent. She arrived in London a few months back to promote her family's wine (an obscure but none the less drinkable Pauillac) and, business completed, promptly got in with a bad crowd: models, photographers, editors, publishers ... in short, the sort of rabble who are responsible for mags like Club. Next thing, this poor little waif is having wads of folding waved under her nose to tempt her out of her panties and to sprawl around on balconies in the altogether - a pretty disgusting state of affairs, I'm sure you'll agree. In fact, so total was this young innocent's corruption, Nicole claims she actually ENJOYED the experience! Furthermore, she'd have you believe she likes our men, having bedded no fewer than three of them since her arrival in March. Worse still, Nicole says she likes to make love wearing black stockings and suspenders, and that her current boyfriend goes crazy when she whispers things like 'Ah, mon chéri, je t'aime', in his ear when he's 'doing it'. If ever a girl needed some decency forced into her ... Man-mad Nicole is on page 59.

JANET

Last time Janet appeared in Club, she expressed a desire to 'appear in a naughty film' with her boyfriend, a fantasy which to all intents and purposes has since been fulfilled. 'An enjoyable enough experience,' this exquisite 20-year-old from Southsea, Hants, reflects, 'but strangely clinical. The flight to Copenhagen, the black limo at the airport ... I felt more like I was checking into a private hospital for some secret operation.' And the boyfriend, did he have fun too? Pause. 'Um, actually, I went alone. I haven't seen him since I last spoke to you. Actually.' So who was the lucky stud? A big bearded Viking, no doubt. Ex-Merchant Navy. All tattoos and big where it counts. 'Actually, no. It was with a couple of girls. One of them could actually ...' Yes, well, I'm sure you had a great time. Certainly a more imaginative way to while away your summer vacation than waitressing in a Covent Garden pizza house or sifting gravel on an archaeological dig. And no doubt considerably more profitable. But how extraordinary, for a girl of Janet's background (degree in sociology) to want to appear in a porno film! 'Not really. Actually, it really turned me on!' Actually, we think you'll be turned on by going to page 72 ...



TAMMY

'WRITE about her? Are you quite mad?' This woman was made to be MOUNTED, not written about! Damned Editor, refusing me access to the shoot; having to sit in the dressing room afterwards, clutching my notepad like Clark Kent, while Modom, now smoking and dressing-gowned, disinterestedly brushes her hair out and tells me about her childhood 42-inch breasts at the age of 15; how her Dad once literally nailed up her bedroom door to keep her from roving hordes of pubescent suitors. Then, methinks with a little hint of malice, the prick-teasing anecdotes. Of boyfriends made to beg for 'oral favours'; of professed contempt for all but the biggest-hung men; of flashing her no doubt honey-sweet crotch at handsome strangers on tube trains. And just as one is starting to fall for it, all sweaty and DOM, a twinkle from Modom's eye. Ah, Modom enjoys having a joke with her inferiors! Surprisingly, it transpires Tammy is 30 years old. Far more surprisingly, she's been a stripper for the past five years. Yet, despite all the coverage of her un-coverage, this is the very first time Tammy's been tempted to pose for a nude photo session. 'I guess I aspired towards Hollywood, like any "big blonde"', she says, slightly sad. 'But glamour work seems to be a good enough compromise.' Good enough? Well what do YOU think? Make up your mind on page 24.







around with. A full raunchy striptease at the climax of the Palace Lido's (infamous Miss Wet T-shirt competition will go down very nicely, I think. Hope you'll be there to see me take 'em off in style.

And I also hope as many of you as possible will come along to Roy Wilson's newsagent's shop at 55 Duke Street, Douglas, on Thursday, June 6, where

I'll be putting my unplastered right arm to good use (by signing copies of Club, you randy lot!). Times will be displayed in the shop window.

If you can't make it to the Island, just buy Club International for full colour, full frontal coverage of myself and plenty of those big-breasted ladies shaking it all about!

So, till then, keep both hands

on it - while I keep my one good hand on mine!

Finally, I owe one on the lips to BJ of Bucks for the smashing flowers he sent for my birthday, and to Steve of Leicester for the box of goodies - the best Valentine present I received. You're wonderful, Chaps!

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

Thanks for the invite to that terrific party of yours (Vol 13 No 12).

You girls looked as if you were having a great time; us guys certainly were (things nearly got out of hand!). Anyway, I know how all you girls stick together, but there was one of your friends there who really caught my attention. She was wearing the yellow jersey-knit dress and had short, dark hair.

At one stage, she was on all fours (probably drunk) and nearly lost her knickers. I thought about slipping in to introduce myself, but she might have thought that a bit forward. Any information on her would be most welcome: perhaps you could even persuade her to pose on her own for Club some time.

Paul, Dover
You can see the delectable Stan in Vol 14 No 1, posing in all her sexy weight-training gear, Paul. No problem if you missed it - just contact our back issues department!

Dear Linzi,

I think your set of pictures in Vol 13 No 11 is the best I've ever seen. I only wish they were more revealing - can you do another set indoors so you can show your pubes and tits a bit more?

The best uniform was the nurse's outfit, as your legs look great in those long, white stockings. Every time I see them, I want to run my body all over them.

When I screw my girlfriend, I think of these photos. I keep them in a drawer at work, so, whenever I feel depressed, I take them out to look at to cheer me up. It can be embarrassing, as I get a hard-on every time.

At the moment, I run a football team, and all the lads

reckon you're the best thing on two legs (or, preferably, on your back!). Can you do us a service like the one you did for the footballer you mention in your column?

Dave, Leeds
I'll try to show my 'all' in future, just for you and your football team, Dave! As regards, the uniform pictures in Vol 13 No 11, most of my letters since that issue was published have been of a 'uniform' nature! I'm glad they went down so well with you all.

Dear Linzi,

Love you in the little nurse's uniform (Vol 13 No 11), but I'm afraid that even in an overheated hospital you'd catch a cold in the pussy!

To satisfy my curiosity, I'd like to see you depilate completely, but I dare say most of your men admirers prefer you curly: are you going to go the whole hog next month, or will the little beard grow back? Which do you think men prefer?

Evelyn, Warwickshire
I don't really know which they prefer, Evelyn: let's ask them! Mind you, as I said fairly recently, I never shave my pubes, only trim them. I think they look cute that way.

Dear Linzi,

I just had to write to tell you that we think you are great. When I say 'we', I mean all four of us.

One of us buys Club every month, and it gets passed around. This magazine provides the best sex education we could ask for, so that we know what to do on our first time. Perhaps you could give us some practical lessons. WE ARE DESPERATE.

How do we go about enticing a woman? Must we walk about with a bulge all the time? How do we know the woman is game? Yours with an incredible hard-on.

Keith B. Fulham

Practice makes perfect, Keith. You'll soon develop an effective technique of enticing women and putting that incredible hard-on of yours to good use. I'm too busy to give you practical lessons just now, but I'll let you know when I have some free time. In the meantime, have fun!

Dear Linzi,

I'm a 19-year-old soldier, and you must know how much soldiers adore pretty girls (like you, Linzi!).

Permit me to tell you one thing only. I dream about you all the time and you are everywhere in my head. I would like it if you could send me a picture which you have kissed before.

Here is the end of my letter, my blonde angel.

Laurent, France
I am hastily snogging a picture just for you, Laurent!

Dear Linzi,

You must be about the horniest woman ever. I have been a fan of yours for what seems like a lifetime, and most of my life is dedicated to collecting just about every picture ever taken of you. At the last count, I had 180, which are all filed and kept in special little folders.

But pictures just aren't enough - I have the videos as well. Not many people may know this (although you might!), but you appear in a video called *Cockney Rebels Special*, where you go down on this guy. You can't see much, but the dreams I have about being that lucky bloke...

MB, Essex
Actually, I'm glad you mentioned that particular video, as we had such a great time making it. It's a long, long story, but I think I'll tell you all about it in my column in the not-too-distant future.

Address your letters to Linzi, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

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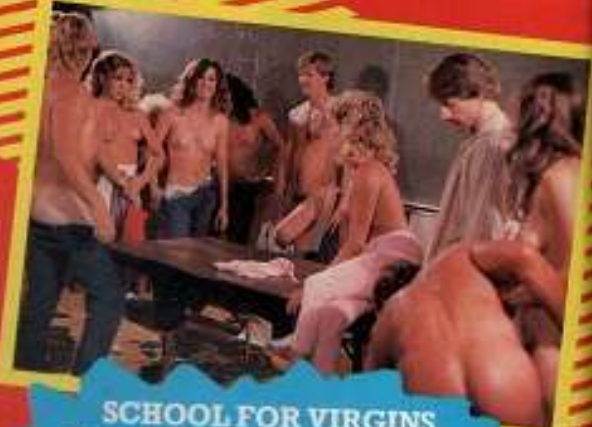
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Hairless? Bloody hell! I thought you said 'heiress'!



Good morning, sir. Would you like to buy a camera?



Oh! Can't you read?



It's damn cold, isn't it?



How's about a quick blow job before I go?

club Portrait

Juliette Malagodi talks to

What do a war reporter, a religious scriptwriter and a film producer all have in common? In a nutshell, Mr Carry On – otherwise known as Peter Rogers, the man who is responsible for bringing the 30 world-famous Carry On films to our screens. 'Someone's got to take the blame,' he says, without a hint of remorse.

Now 71, and still as lively as ever, Peter Rogers is still working at Pinewood Studios in the office next door to his wife, Betty E Box, the equally-successful producer of the Doctorfilms. They never talk shop together, but Mr Rogers invited me to the Dorchester, his London home, to talk about his work.

As a young man, Peter Rogers worked as a journalist on a local paper before moving on to Fleet Street. The job, though, was not at all to his liking. He found 'scrabbling around the pews at funerals getting all the names' was somewhat 'distasteful'.

During World War 2 he wrote war reports for the BBC and radio scripts on various subjects, until his agent came up with the job that launched him into films.

Carry The Word

'I started in religious films for J Arthur Rank, as he was then. Lord Rank was a devout methodist and he wanted the screen to carry the Word. Every Sunday evening at the cinema, there would be a spot called *Thought For The Week*. I used to write the damn things.

'It started off with old Stewart Rome, the oldest character actor in the business, walking up to a fence, leaning on it and talking to the audience. It would always end with Stewart saying something like: "Now go away and be good boys for the rest of the week".

'Well, it went on for quite a while until, one night at Burnt Oak, the audience started

"Let's face it, if you see a girl walking down the street with big boobs, you're bound to make a rude remark . . ."

Peter Rogers

throwing things at the screen. And that brought that to an end."

Did you intend at that time to stick to writing?

"Yes; in fact I am a frustrated writer. I used to save money on my productions by rewriting the scripts myself. It used to make the scriptwriters furious. Now, writing is my hobby. I can't leave it alone. I could never publish a serious book, though. Everyone would think: 'It's by the man who did the Carry On films'."

Separate Ways

Having established himself in the film business, Peter Rogers went on to produce his own films at Islington studios for Rank and then at Shepherd's Bush for Gainsborough, where he met and married Betty E. Box.

They worked on a few films together before going their own separate ways professionally. Films such as *The Clouded Yellow*, *Appointment With Venus*, *Cat Girl*, *The Passionate Strangers* – to name but a few – came flooding on to the screen under his producership.

In 1953 Peter Rogers was working for the Children's Film Foundation and won even more widespread acclaim for one of his productions.

You won an award for *The Dog and the Diamond* at the Venice Film Festival?

"Yes, I'm a clever bugger, aren't I? Fancy winning an award. That film was about a dog!"

How were you nominated?

"Well, the film was entered – that's all I know. I didn't go. I'm not against awards, but I'm not interested in that sort of thing. What does it mean? It's like having a title – it's ridiculous. It doesn't make any difference to the take and it doesn't make any difference to you. Anyway, they call me *My Lord around here* – *The Dorchester* – 'and that's enough for me. I don't want any Oscars. What are they for – unless you're the sort of person who likes being photographed holding it?'"

When I got started with these *Carry Ons*



Sid James and Barbara Windsor – the faces of *Carry On* everyone recognizes

the other producers and directors used to say to me: "Oh Peter, now you've got started you can write your own ticket with the distributors and make as many epics as you like."

"Well I didn't want to make epics. I wanted to stay in my own back yard and make more *Carry On* films. And I did. We made three a year at one time – with other comedies sandwiched in between."

The first one of the series, *Carry On Sergeant* (1958) derived from a script called *The Bull Boys*. How did that come about?

"Norman Huddis was a scriptwriter for me

– he used to do all sorts of things – and he wrote this one script about a ballet dancer or something being called up into the forces. It was a bit of tub-thumping about conscription, actually. Very serious."

"Norman was a very sincere, earnest Jewish boy – he used to fight the Mosleyites in Dalston High Street and all that sort of thing."

"I told him I didn't want to make that sort of picture. I didn't want to tub thump. So I suggested we make a comedy out of it. I told him it would probably say a lot more as a comedy than tub-thumping. So that's what we did. But by the time it came out, there was no such thing as conscription. It was a piece of history."

Did you intend to continue the *Carry Ons* as a series originally?

"We didn't set out to make a series. If you do that it means you're so bloody conceited you think everyone's going to turn up to see number six."

"You do one, and if the audience wants another one, then they'll tell you so. Then you cross your fingers and think: 'Can we do another one?' You do number two, and another one. Then you see you've struck a theme that seems to tickle them."

Do you think audiences are different today?

"People don't change. You give them what they want. And they want the same thing over and over again. All this talk of innovation is nonsense. Fashions go round in circles – like turn-ups in trousers or lengths of skirts."

How did you go about casting the *Carry*



The *Carry On* team are 'regular professionals – the best you could ever work with'

'THE USUAL PROBLEMS OF MAN MEETS WOMAN'

*** solved by Dateline!**

Michael Wheeler is an articulate, good-looking businessman in his mid-thirties. Born and bred in London, his work has taken him all over the world. Despite his busy life-style he found time to marry, but unfortunately his marriage failed and he found himself back in London, trying to rebuild his social life.

'My cousin, who lives in London, suggested that I should join Dateline. I must admit, I found the idea appealing because I was aware of Dateline. In fact, I had been a member way back in the sixties. I found no great romantic successes at that time but many, shall we say, nice encounters, so when my cousin suggested the idea again I thought 'Why not. I'm only going to live once, why not make the best of it?'

Michael didn't join Dateline to find 'the woman of my dreams'. 'I joined because after a long absence from a city like London you tend to find that your friends and acquaintances have married or moved away. Although I obviously missed female company, I also found that I had no circle of friends left at all.'

'When my first list of names from Dateline arrived and I began to receive calls from women with whom I had been matched on the computer, my social life improved out of all recognition almost overnight! My only problem was time, because all of the women I spoke to were so pleasant that I felt I had to meet them. In the event, I met four from my first list of names. Two I felt I could quite happily be friends with; the other two meant rather more.'

Michael doesn't mind people knowing he is a member of Dateline. 'There's not the adverse reaction from family and friends that I think some people may expect,' he said. 'I did perhaps feel, as many people probably do, that there's some sort of stigma about admitting to feeling lonely. But that's rubbish as loneliness affects every person at some stage of their life, no matter what their circumstances. It's something that has to be

overcome by any means available to us. Dateline may sound cold-blooded to some people, but I have found it certainly isn't. It may perhaps be more socially acceptable to meet people of the opposite sex in pubs or clubs, but really Dateline wins above those places. I don't like competing with smoke and noise, and it's far nicer to know that the woman you're telephoning has the interests and desires you're looking for. It provides a basic understanding before you even say hello. Obviously, all the usual problems of man meets woman are still there, but you have conquered quite a few of the barriers that so often make a relationship fail before it really started.'

He stopped to consider for a moment. 'I don't know what you need from life. All I really want is happiness, and a large part of the happiness I seek is the happiness that can be gained from the



relationship between a man and a woman. At least two of the women I have met directly through Dateline have become friends and it's good to know that if I am at a loose end there's someone I can 'phone for a chat or to arrange an evening out.'

Michael has recently suspended his membership of Dateline. He has met a young woman who is a friend of one of his Dateline introductions. Their relationship has blossomed into love and they are now engaged to be married.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to:
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Dateline



Peter Rogers (centre) shares a joke with Hattie Jacques and Kenneth Williams

On films?

'Well it started in 1958, and we just went out looking for good comedy actors. They're not the same as straight actors. Straight actors are too aware of comedy. They exaggerate the funny parts and it's not funny any more. That was the trouble with a lot of Ealing comedies after the war.

'I remember doing a scene with Ann Firbank in *Carry On Nurse*. She was with Kenneth Connor by the bed. She kept grinning at what she was saying and it killed it. I told her she had to play it dead serious, otherwise it wouldn't be funny to the audience.

'My cast were all in summer shows and pantomime, and we often used to have to plan our schedules according to their availability. They are regular professionals. They are the best you could ever work with.

'The secret of working with them so amiably for all these years is that there is no star. The two words "Carry On" are the star of the pictures. And if anyone starts getting starchy he soon gets pulled down by the others, I can tell you.

'On a couple of occasions, a couple of them have made out they were getting more money than I knew they were getting. Like schoolkids. But they are kids. If you ever want to know what an actor was like as a child - he was the biggest show-off at the party. But they're all professional. They can adapt themselves into any situation. I'm very fond of them.'

You have a reputation for being quite strict with your actors.

'Yes, in a way. I have got something of a reputation as a slave-driver, but that's only fostered by Kenneth Williams who's always been a joker as long as I've known him. You never know with Kenneth Williams when he's being serious.

Sometimes he'd come on to the set and start complaining about his dressing room. I'd just look at him and say: "Piss off!" and he'd burst out laughing and run away like a child.'

There have been a lot of 'scandal reports'

in the papers, particularly about Sid James and Barbara Windsor, and the amount of money the actors get paid.

'Well the business about Sid and Barbara was very strange. Sid used to make it quite plain to me that he never had any interest in her, and the next thing I heard they were having an affair.

'I did an interview with a Sunday newspaper journalist, and afterwards we got a bit merry together and had a jolly time. The stuff I was saying about Sid James and Barbara was off the record.

Off The Record

'Much to my horrorification, he published a lot of the off-the-record stuff, which was very embarrassing. He didn't show me a copy or anything. He embarrassed me and the artists. I wrote a letter to a trade paper saying it's a pity that some journalists do this sort of thing - and he sued me. He sued the paper, too. Oh yes. He was a great friend!

'As for the money the artists get, I offered



Barbara Windsor in her famous rôle as the 'carry-on' nurse

them a commonwealth at the beginning - an equal share of the profits - when the first *Carry On* was made, but their agents turned it down. They didn't see much future in it. So I paid them all what their agents wanted - and that's what they get.'

When I spoke to you on the telephone, you said you like reading men's magazines. Do you think they have anything in common with the *Carry On* films?

'Yes, in a way, but your magazines are more masturbatory. In fact, I often wonder what the girls behind the counter who sell me the things are thinking. It's very blatant, whereas with the *Carry On* it's more a case of "I don't mind if I do, I only wish I could".

'Let's face it, if you see a girl walking down the street with big boobs, you're bound to make a rude remark. In France they're even worse. They've always got some little man down a manhole looking up the girls' skirts.

'And the youngsters these days are



Jacques and Williams. 'He's always been a joker'



Sid James revelled in playing a 'dirty old man'

ahead of you. When we were doing *Carry On London*, a live show at the Victoria Palace, all the kids came in the holidays. I used to see all the 14-year-olds nudging each other when Barbara Windsor came on. It's what they want. I don't know what they would have done if they'd ever come across Barbara Windsor face to face – probably run a mile, I should imagine.

'It's harmless titillation. We may hint at "it" but we never actually say anything. We couldn't. We wouldn't get past the censors.'

Gimmick

'I remember in *Carry On Nurse* we had some trouble with an agent for showing an actor's bottom with that famous daffodil in it. He obviously hadn't even looked at the film. It was the way it was edited that suggested it. We wouldn't have dared to actually show it, and anyway, it wouldn't have been funny. It was because you couldn't see it that it was funny.'

Speaking of that daffodil – that was a great gimmick for selling the Carry Ons in America.

'Yes, *Carry On Nurse* ran for two-and-a-half years in Los Angeles. But now the distributors out there buy up all the rights and keep them in a drawer so no one else can use them.'

The Americans aren't very fair in business like that. They made us give up our empire and now they want us to give up our pound as well. They want all their own way. I want all my own way. I expect to be around a bit longer than the Americans! But they're talking about putting the *Carry Ons* on cable television over there now.'

What do you like most about the Carry Ons?

'Comedy is very satisfying. Matrons in hospitals come up to me and say: "Whenever your *Carry On* films come on, everyone in the ward gets better". Laughing is very good medicine. And when I go to get petrol, sometimes the attendant tells me they saw the film last night, and their kids rolled about and they always watch them. It's very satisfying.'

But there is a funny, toffee-nosed attitude to *Carry On*. I went to the bank the other day to put some money in, and the chief

cashier, a nasty little snob, said: "Oh, I suppose this is for another one of those terrible pictures of yours?" I told him if it hadn't been on television I wouldn't be able to put the money in.

'At Rank, the producers and directors have what they call country house parties at the weekends, and they always ask me if I'm making another one of those "terrible pictures" – although they are still making money out of the compilations, just by signing their names.'

Vulgarity

'One evening at dinner, I had to make a speech. Afterwards, a woman came across to me and said: "I don't understand what this is all about. You're not the chap who produces those *Carry Ons* are you?" I said: "Of course I am." But she insisted she couldn't reconcile the *Carry Ons* with my speech and my love of music and so on. But why the hell not? Charlie Chaplin was quite a clever chap.'

'I just indulge in a bit of vulgarity with the customers, and that is what they want. I'm like a shopkeeper – if kids come in asking for Liquorice Allsorts I'm not going to tell them they should have Turkish Delight instead. I just give them what they want and it's as simple as that.'

What are you working on at the moment?

'I'm busy doing hour-long compilations of the *Carry Ons* for Thames Television. I don't know when they're going out. I would rather make one-hour specials than feature films for cinema now. I can't see people queuing outside the Odeon in Wigan for a *Carry On* like they would for *ET* or *Indiana Jones*.'

But the Carry On films are still as popular as ever?

'Oh yes. People always recognize someone they know in *Carry Ons*. They never see themselves, of course. And they like to hear the same jokes over and over again.'



'I don't mind if I do. I only wish I could!'

Familiarity breeds laughter.

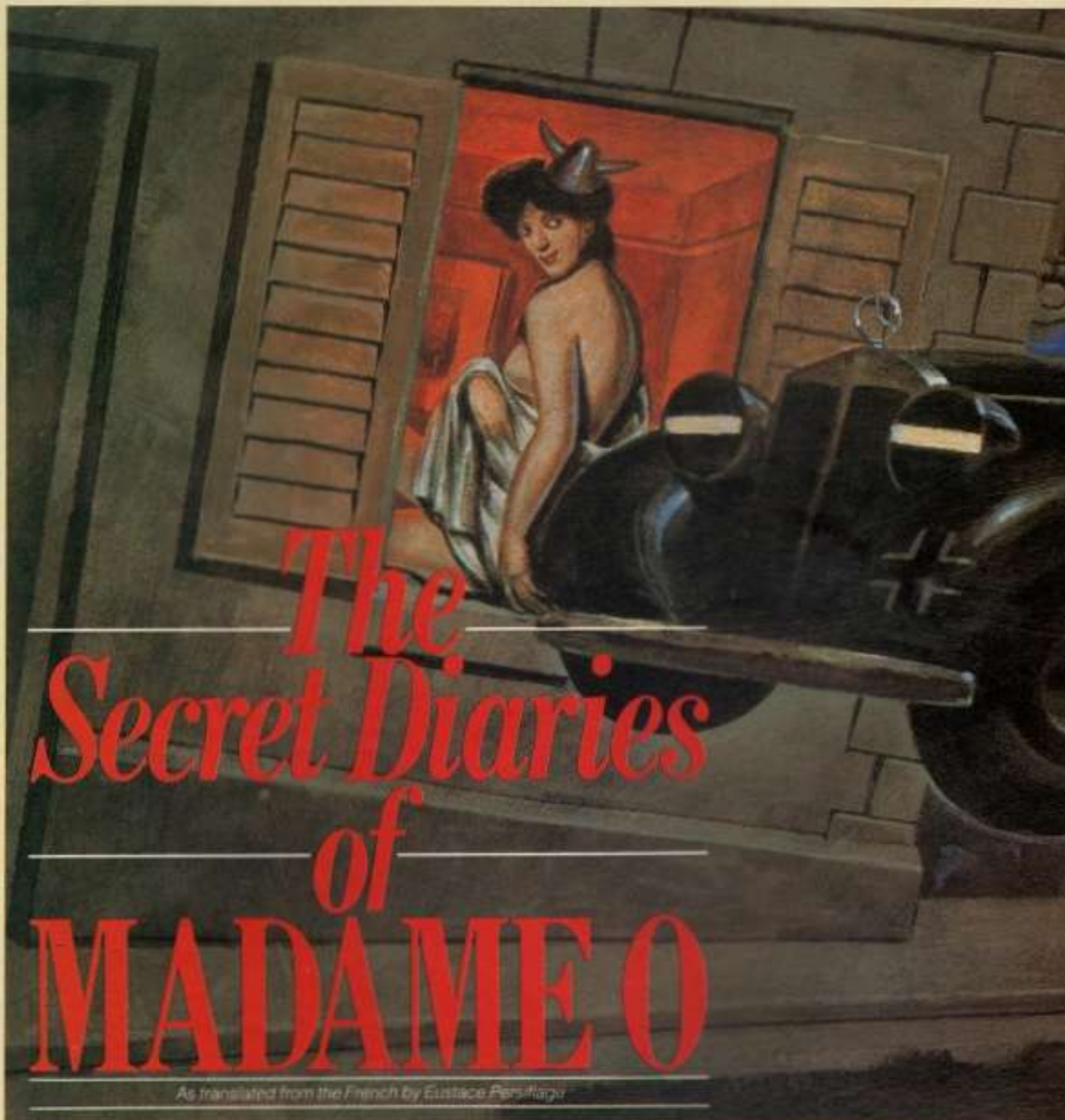
Is that the success of the Carry Ons?

'You know, I was once being interviewed by a rather clever BBC chap who asked me: "What is the secret of the success of the *Carry On*?" I said: "I'm damned if I know!" "Oh well, that's it," he said. "The interview's over. We can't go on!"'

'If I analyse why they're successful and tell people, they won't go and see the films. Why spoil it?'



'They are kids... but I'm very fond of them...'



The Secret Diaries of MADAME O

As translated from the French by Eustace Persillago

THE STORY SO FAR. In Paris, a carpenter employed by a building contractor recently discovered an old cigar box hidden beneath the floorboards in a building which, until the 1950s, was a celebrated brothel. The box contained the diaries of Madame O, proprietress of the 'house' during the War years, and we are featuring translated excerpts from this fascinating document in a six-part series. Madame O described, you will recall, the invasion of Paris by the Nazis, and their eventual arrival on her doorstep. Initially, business continued as usual, with Madame's workforce entertaining French and Germans alike, but as enmity increases, so the brothel becomes the Nazis'

exclusive domain — with French Resistance fighters monitoring their every orgasm and reporting straight back to De Gaulle's HQ in London! Now read on.

JULY 11, 1940

Loyalty! The Resistance demands that my girls save themselves solely for the sons of the Republic. The Vichy insist we open our legs solely to the likes of Laval and his lapdogs. General Baden-Baden, meanwhile, says he will order my premises out of bounds to all but the Gestapo and high-ranking officers of the Waffen SS unless I outlaw the practice of orgasm-taking within my workforce. Stuff and nonsense! Next he will be demanding a ban on contraceptives,

and my House of Leisure will become little more than a breeding ground for Nazi cannon fodder.

JULY 14, 1940

The killing of three prominent Nazis found together in a toilet cubicle at Les Halles effectively ends the uneasy peace between Parisians and the occupying forces, and I fear my establishment can no longer continue to operate as a sexual No Man's Land. The Nazis are now so hated, no true patriot will lie with a girl who has been with one, while the Huns are so jittery about being caught on the job by a pistol-wielding Resistance fighter, they have difficulty getting it up. I met with Michel at the Café Des



Artistes and it seems he has been talking to the Allies, who have instructed him to liaise with me with a view to turning my establishment into one big listening post.

This is dangerous work for all concerned, and tomorrow I will have to call my girls together and see if they can rise to the occasion. In particular, it seems London is seeking the names and identities of all Paris-based Nazi top brass, as well as information from the war zones, which can hopefully be weaned from battle-weary generals returning from the Front for week-end leave and a bit of light relief with the carefree tarts of gay 'Paree': unlimited champagne, a glimpse of stocking-top, the

barest hint of fanny and the promise of prolonged oral sex should loosen the tightest Teutonic tongue.

JULY 22, 1940

Never trust a tart. At least that's what London says, and I am beside myself with anger, so much so that, today, I refused to swallow Oberleutnant Untervear's emission and spat it all over the back of his uniform when he went to the bathroom. Yes, according to the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall, information 'gleaned by common prostitutes from Nazi officers is considered too unreliable to use as a base for sabotage or espionage operations' and they say they will take action only if information is gleaned

in the company of a 'known patriot'. Well, as I can hardly envisage even the most sex-starved Kraut tolerating one of Michel's boys sitting in an armchair taking notes, this means they will have to be positioned under the beds, along with their bulky radio transmitters. Dangerous, to say the least. 'Tell Whitehall this is a farce,' I say to Michel, as I kiss his prepuce goodnight.

JULY 29, 1940

Oberleutnant Untervear drops by and presents me with a laundry bill and a stiff cock. I kneel before him, unbutton his fly, grip his knackwurst sausage manfully and start to jerk him off directly into my mouth while he plays with my tits. I pause just before his

The Secret Diaries of MADAME O

fluid erupts and, tickling his blond-tufted balls, I ask – with an innocence I have not mustered since Monsieur Bidet the plumber was going through his virgins phase – whether I can expect any visits from top-ranking militia.

'Oh yes!' he gushes, desperate to relieve himself of his heavy load (if only because he is being packed off to the Eastern Front by General Baden-Baden for failing to keep his shirts pressed), squeezing my nipples and thrusting his cock even deeper into my mouth: 'General Doenutz is arriving in Paris from the V-1 missile base in Norway tomorrow. They say we will soon be able to destroy London at the push of a button. Meanwhile Mein General has heard all about your establishment and Herr Hitler has rewarded him with a free visit and all the tarts he can fuck! Mein Gott, am I glad I got that off my chest: I never could keep a secret!'

So saying, General Baden-Baden's bat-man let fly his seed and for the umpteenth time in my career I found myself coated with warm, viscous semen. No matter: I would happily drown in the stuff to save my country.

AUGUST 1, 1940

The prospect of a visit by General Doenutz has Michel in a state of great excitement, and London have wasted no time compiling a list of questions they would like answered. Mimi and the parlour maid prepare the Fellatio Suite for the General's arrival, while Michel's boys, posing as rat catchers, install a radio transmitter beneath the bed. Only myself, Fifi and Dominique (my two most desirable girls) are briefed, so it is imperative we are chosen in preference to any of the other girls. I take personal charge of their grooming, rouging their nipples, arranging their hair in the new Marlene Dietrich fashion, straightening their stocking seams, shampooing their pudenda, even applying a dab of glycerine jelly to their already glistening, pouting pink parts.

Indeed, I get so carried away with my task that I call Mimi to fetch the strap-on husband: nothing like a little daytime dalliance to calm the nerves. I lash the thing to my hips, Dominique licks it all over to lubricate it, and, taking it in her hand, aims its blunt, rigid tip in the direction of Fifi's eager hole. My only hope is that she screws the German with half the enthusiasm with which she accommodates this phallus.

And so, with Michel ensconced as comfortably as possible beneath the bed, I adjust my robe to reveal maximum cleavage and go downstairs to await the arrival of General Doenutz, and am horrified to discover that, when eventually he shows, he is surrounded by a phalanx of SS, who promptly organize a full house search.

Fortunately, Michel's boys have the house under surveillance, and, seeing the danger their leader is in, create a diversion by exploding a grenade in the street outside. The house search thus cut short by the ensuing panic, Herr General stabs a gloved finger in the direction of Fifi and myself and we lead him upstairs to the



They tore Fifi's dress open at the front and held her screaming over a table...

Fellatio Suite, hoping desperately he doesn't order a room search first. But instead he winks, slips a hand under my robe and up between my buttocks and closes the door behind us, leaving two glowering Gestapo, pistols drawn, to stand guard outside.

Typical of my luck, Herr General is over-endowed, insatiable, and not given to idle chit-chat. First he has me (in just about every position known), then Fifi, then both of us together. It is only when he is partaking of his third bottle of champagne – thoroughly laced with Benzadrine by Zoe the parlour maid – that he starts to talk – or should I say babble! Where the bunkers are based. What propellant is used. How the radar-controlled homing device is activated... and every last detail transmitted direct to London by Michel, no doubt terrified beneath the threatening, sagging bedsprings.

AUGUST 2, 1940

Today, a shock. Whether it is one of my old customers or that dreadful wart-nosed washerwoman, I know not, but it seems there is an informer at Madame Etienne's. This morning at 0600 we are awoken by the Gestapo banging on the front door with rifle butts, and Fifi and I were bundled off to their headquarters on the Rue Montparnasse for interrogation.

Before my very eyes, they tore Fifi's dress open at the front and held her screaming over a tabletop, while a sinister figure in a white surgeon's coat advanced on her, brandishing a pair of red-hot pliers. Evidently General Doenutz has contracted a nasty dose of crabs and, suspecting Fifi or myself, took it upon himself to supervise our disinfection, albeit by this primitive

means. The doctor cauterized the offending mites with consummate skill, but while enjoying Herr Doktor's rubber-gloved examination, I was nevertheless relieved to be informed that my pubic hair was uninfested. A close shave. Or so the doctor ordered.

AUGUST 8, 1940

I am informed by Michel that undercover operations at my noble establishment are an extremely popular allocation within the Resistance, a suggestion which is borne out by a discovery of the parlour maid's this morning, in the form of a spy-hole fitted in the mattress in Dominique's room, enabling the prostrate partisan beneath the bed (in this case Dominique's off-duty lover, Jean-Claude) to get a perfect eyeful of the action. How absurd, to risk our entire operation this way!

I remonstrate with the young lady, whose only response by way of defence is that: 'Jean-Claude has always wanted to see me do it with another man.' The amorality of today's teenagers seemingly knows no bounds: me, I would sooner my lover watched me copulate with a boar than with a Nazi.

AUGUST 15, 1940

Life is getting dangerous for all concerned. London is adamant they want me to continue operating my brothel for surveillance purposes, but Michel is coming under increasing pressure from his men to trap as many high-ranking Nazis as possible between my perfumed sheets and slaughter them in reprisal for the torture and execution of six Resistance fighters at Gestapo headquarters yesterday, an act which, in turn, would inevitably result in the termination of my business, and the girls and I being despatched to the labour camps I hear they are building in Eastern Europe.

And to make matters worse, a little Gestapo ferret called Scheissshaus seems to have smelled a bunny, having taken to asking difficult questions and paying impromptu visits to the boudoirs in the early hours. Fortunately, Scheissshaus' devotion to his Führer is more than somewhat negated by his pathological craving for attractive females' soiled underthings, with which my girls are loathe to depart – good American lingerie being as scarce and costly as it is. So, to remedy the situation, I have a word with our loathsome old washerwoman, who gladly trades her malodorous old drawers for a bottle of Ricard. Dominique then gave them to Scheissshaus, insisting she'd worn them three days and nights just for him, and he has been walking around with them on his head ever since returning drunk from lunch at Maxim's. The photographs Fifi took will surely come in useful, should he ever discover anything incriminating.

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READERS WRITES

Continued from page 6

last thing I wanted to do was to stain the seat of his expensive car!

We drove up on to the moor and parked the car off the road. It was a gorgeous night – rather cold, but crystal clear and very calm. I didn't really feel the cold anyway, as my insides were well and truly burning. By the look of Stuart's bulge, he was in the same condition.

We walked for a few minutes until our eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Then, suddenly, Stuart grabbed me, pulled me into him, and stuck his tongue deep into my throat. He slid his hands under my jumper and up my back, and expertly undid my bra strap from the outside of my shirt. I reached up and pulled it down from the front, and felt it brush against my stiff, pointing nipples as I did so.

Stuart turned his attention to them, rolling them between thumb and forefinger and occasionally nipping them. My clitoris was practically crying out for its share of the action by this time, and, as if he was reading my mind, Stuart undid my loose jeans and had them around my ankles in a flash.

He pushed the palm of his hand against my snatch with all the force he could muster, but it wasn't enough for me. There was only one thing that could satisfy me, and that was still locked up beneath his trousers. As if to check it was still there, I ran my finger over the length of the bulge, and I felt Stuart's

body tightening up.

'I've had enough of your teasing for one night, young lady,' he said – music to my ears – and tore at his own trousers and pants. I stood staring at his prime piece of meat, glistening in the moonlight, for what seemed like quite a long time, before he stooped to check if the ground was soft enough for us – or, should I say, me – to lie on. It was, and I did.

I was aching for his cock, and guided him into my hole without any silly foreplay. With my nails buried deep into his shoulders, he thrust up and down, and I came after only a few strokes. This made him go even faster. When I came again, he was only seconds behind, and bit my neck as he orgasmed, as if to muffle his shouts.

We both had a bit of explaining to do that night when we got home, so now we usually go out to the moors on other nights of the week, when we can start a bit earlier. *Carol, Bournemouth*

More Feet

In several issues of Club, I've read articles or letters about women's bare feet, which have been my particular fetish since I was young.

The only thing I regret about Club is that too many pictures show girls wearing stockings (or even socks!) and shoes. I know that many feet, even when they belong to nice women, are ugly if not hidden by shoes – but that is precisely the reason why you should show them when they're

fine and shapely!

I'm sure, now that many men appreciate the virtues of women's feet, there must be some photographers among them!

Of course, my wife has very nice feet – I could not have married her without them – and she knows of my fetish. After a while, she even encouraged it. For instance, she orders me to kneel in front of her, put on and take off her shoes with my mouth, lick all over her feet and even to wash them with my tongue if they are dirty.

Sometimes, in summer, she deliberately walks in bare feet, so she can have her feet licked

and washed inside my mouth. That turns me on incredibly, and both of us enjoy it very much. *JM, France*

Vintage Year

1984 was a good year for Club. It would seem that both Linzi and Debbie are on their way to stardom.

Of all the '84 issues, the Christmas one (Vol 13 No 12) really stood out above the rest for choice of girls. Your models always delight me, but this issue was a gem for a randy character like me.

The No 1 girl of 1984 must be Trudy with the big boobs. Thankfully, you featured her twice. For real class, Dallas (13/12) was my second choice. I eagerly wait a recall of both. I'm especially itching to see Trudy rumping about dressed in sexy black.

You don't seem to feature many black ladies. How about a long-legged lass with panther movements?

Please keep up the good work and continue to give us a constant flow of beautiful cunts. I am a devout reader, and hope you will find my comments interesting. *John, Walsall*

We always enjoy reading what you've got to say for yourself, John. – Ed.



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Club COMIC



Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

FAITH BROWN

Oh! Here's Faith Brown coming. Bye bye, Mummy! giggles little Danielle as television's glamour-puss singer impressionist with the 38-inch bust and 19-inch waist sweeps through the sitting room of her Langley home to greet me.

Faith, husband Len, daughter Danielle, and Kelly, the family's ancient Golden Labrador (given to Faith as a 21st birthday present) are a close knit, happy family, snug in their Buckinghamshire redoubt of Victorian red brick, away from the bright lights of Faith's career.

I ring the bell. No answer. I am early. Then I hear a scamper of activity and a man's Liverpool tones say: 'No, no. It's just an interview. No photographs. You're O.K.'

Len and Kelly come down the side of the house, on the smooth-raked gravel, to meet me. Len is in his gardening wellies. Kelly, after a cursory sniff of acceptance, turns on his heel and waddles back as Len ushers me into the front room and we sit down on pastel, unostentatious armchairs looking inwards to the fireplace with a painting of Danielle, in pride of place, above it.

Faith is a pro, who went into the entertainment business straight from school. 'Most of the time I slop around in tattered jeans. I love dressing informally,' says the lady with a penchant for expensive numbers showing - sometimes - plenty of cleavage, onstage.

Vocal Act

'No, we don't pub it. I've nothing against pubs. It's simply that we're not pubby people. When we first moved here, nine years ago, people used to look at us when we shopped in the local supermarket and say: 'That's Faith Brown!' But now we are just part of the village, and that is great.'

Faith Brown is Liverpool Irish. Born Irene Carroll, with two elder and two younger brothers, she formed a group with three of them, The Carrolls, after singing with a Liverpool-based band at the tender age of 16.

After trying out their vocal act on friends and neighbours, The Carrolls turned pro, and appeared on the Simon Dee and David Frost shows, and worked the cabaret circuit. Faith branched out as a solo singer, while the boys became well-known in their own right as Brotherly Love.

Her first audience was in Lewis's department store in Liverpool just after she left school. 'There was this man demonstrating a cleaner. I liked his chat and got speaking to him. The girl who assisted him didn't turn up one day and he asked me if I'd like to have a go. Without meaning to, I began selling in a variety of different accents: Scouse, Scandinavian, Scots, Ulster, Italian and rustic.

'The customers loved it. I sold 72 tins of the stuff in one day, and he didn't argue when I asked to go on commission. I was moved about 50 times because I used to block the

gangways when I was doing my bit, and that used to annoy other departments there.

Yes, I think I have always had this gift for mimicry. It began at school, St Francis de Sales. Sister Gertrude was a Margaret Rutherford soundalike, with buck teeth. She was ticking off one of the girls in class and I started making facial impressions of her behind her back. The girl burst out laughing, and Sister Gertrude whipped round so fast she caught me. She took me to her study and caned me. She had a cane like an umbrella pole, with a curled handle to get a good grip, and she certainly knew how to use it!

Impressions

When I went into show business it was as a singer. I love singing, and I still do. But people come up and say: "Faith, you were great on TV last night, but why didn't you sing more?" or: "Faith, we enjoyed watching you, but you didn't do enough impressions." You can't win!

How I really began doing impressions in my act was one night I will never forget. I was working at the *Broadway Club* in Manchester, wearing a very Margaret Thatcher Tory blue dress, but with a plunging neckline. I was doing a number called *Get Ready*, giving it all I'd got, when the zip went at the back. The audience in front couldn't see, but The Shades, my backing group, convulsed.

Before I realized what I was saying, I sang - in a Hylda Baker voice, clutching the dress in front with my elbows, arms, and sides of my hands - "Len, will you get me some pins out of the dressing room..." and he came on and pinned me. The audience went wild. They loved it. Thought it was part of the act. And, as good luck would have it, a man we had been trying to get to manage me had come in that night, and that clinched things.

Faith Brown does Mrs Thatcher to a T, like her namesake, Janet. Listening, without vision, one is hard put to know which of the three is actually doing the voice-over. Faith has met the Prime Minister.

The first thing I noticed was how kind she was - utterly unlike the "Iron Lady" image. At this function it was a charity for handicapped children. She spoke to them, played with them, joked with them, and that wasn't an act, I can tell you.

The first thing I noticed about her was her eyes. They are wide open and frank. They look right at you, and they listen to everything you have to say.

Three Voices

She has three voices. One is the dead-level pitch which comes up from the stomach. It's the one people most remember, which she used when she first came to office. The second is the shrill contralto, when she is shouting to get her point over to an unresponsive audience, but now there is the third.

That is not dead level but rises up and down. It's by far her best.

When I was asked to present awards to the advertising industry, I did a sketch with the men who handle the Conservative Party in Saatchi & Saatchi, people who know Mrs Thatcher, and deal with her personally. I was shaking with fright, but I went on. "Hello... How good of you to come..."

How did it go down?
Wonderful. They were amazed and then began treating me as though I really was the Prime Minister. We posed for pictures afterwards and they had their hands around my shoulders. Now, that wouldn't have happened with the real thing. I mean, can you im-

has developed. Her voice is fuller, less clipped and schoolmarm-like.

Of course, from the time she did the Morecambe and Wise show that Christmas, suddenly kicking up her legs, I put that into the act, too. Ending it with slinging a leg out and up high, and letting it come to rest across the news desk, showing black fishnet stockings and suspenders!

Does anyone ever send Faith Brown up, I wonder?

Yes, I was appearing at *Aphrodite's* in Piccadilly. It was a good night - the opening night - and worth the trip up from the bowels of the earth where the changing rooms were, to take the applause at the end. Les Dawson was out front with

letter, three to four pages, saying how much she liked my impression of her, but Dot Squires certainly didn't.

The row began when I opened at *Quaglin's*. It was the second night, the Press were all in. I had just finished my first number when someone shouted: "Rubbish!" I ignored it, because the rest of the audience was great, but I kept on hearing "Rubbish!" throughout the rest of my performance.

Support

Two guys came up to me afterwards and told me how much they liked my act, and apologized for the lady with them, the one who had shouted out the whole time. "Who was she?" I asked them. They looked at each other, then at me, and said: "Joan Turner!"

Joan Turner! I couldn't believe it, but she'd had a few. Anyway, apparently she rang Dot Squires the next day and told Dot I was doing an impression of her. Dot phoned up my agent and every other word was "eff" - threatening to sue me. She didn't, of course, but it was so stupid. I mean, I had worked with Dorothy Squires many times, and supported her, in more ways than one.

But today is a sad day in the household. Faith, Len, and Danielle had some ducks and chicks until last night, when a fox got in and killed them. There was this little bantam, a week ago, almost dead, says Faith, tears welling in those expressive eyes. "It was almost dead, but I nursed it back to health. Now, the bloody fox has really killed it. Let no one talk to us about cruelty to foxes!"

Faith remembers her parents with fondness. Yes, "Mamma" and "Dad-da" were not happy at first about her going into show biz. Her mother advised her to learn shorthand/typing as a fallback situation. Her father made all her boyfriends bring her back to the front door of the house by 11pm. "And that was when I was 18!"

Singing

Faith Brown enjoys her Thatcher impersonation. Her second-favourite impression? That's easy. Barbra Streisand. There's the impression and the singing. I couldn't be happier, and one of these days I do want to actually meet her."

'Kate Bush wrote me a lovely letter saying how much she liked my impression of her, but Dot Squires certainly didn't...'

agine? "Do you mind... I really do not think that is necessary. Kindly remove your arm..."

You see, the most difficult thing about studying an impersonation is the voice. Once you have that, the mannerisms and other things about the person follow.

When I am going to do somebody I have not done before, I go upstairs here to the top room. That is my room - the "top shop" - forbidden to the other two members of the family when I'm in there.

I remember with Angela Rippon, noticing how she read the news with her head tilted to one side, so that her eyes were slanted. I put Angela into my act, and audiences loved it. I met her, personally, at some do, and she thanked me. "Do you know," she said, "until I actually saw you take me off I never realized that I did that". Now, of course, she

a party and sent a note down to the dressing room asking me to join them.

On my way through the packed audience, everyone was slapping me on the back and saying nice things - the way people do on first nights - which made me feel marvellous. As I got to Les's table he stood up, pumped my hand and said: "Faith, that was the most, the greatest, the most unforgettable, the most fantastically superb... lot of crap I have ever seen!"

And then he threw his arms around me and kissed and hugged me, muttering: "It's great, luv". But for a few seconds, I stood there, dumbstruck.

I work with Les on *Blankety Blank*. He is one of my closest friends, and he has really made something of that programme.

Kate Bush wrote me a lovely



MY FAVOURITE GAG

Faith Brown's favourite joke is one she sent to her great friend, Les Dawson, to cheer him up when he was ill in hospital last March.

The doctor rings his patient and says: "I've got some news for you. Which would you like first - the bad news or the very bad news?" The patient says he'll start with the bad. "Well," says the doctor, "the bad news is that you've only got 24 hours to live!" "And what's the very bad news?" gasps the patient, at the other end of the line. "The very bad news," says the doctor, "is that I should have told you yesterday!"

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club Biker





RED ALERT

Photographs by David Crosswaite



Question: What's long and red, and needs careful handling to get the best out of it?

Answer: Kawasaki's GPz 1100 (amongst other things!).

Yes, the latest Big Zed, newest in a long line of 900-1100cc Kawasaki fours, should definitely carry a warning along the lines of 'experienced riders only need apply'.

Make no mistake, this is a big bike... in every sense of the word. It's long, heavy and produces phenomenal power, most of it at the upper end of the rev scale. On damp roads, a handful of throttle can set the rear wheel spinning; too much enthusiasm with the rear brake, and it'll lock the wheel up. Awesome stuff.

But the 1100 gets the adrenalin flowing in the way that only a big bike can. I still maintain that whacking open the throttle on a megabike at 100mph and surging forward like a rocket is just about the biggest thrill in biking, and the Kawasaki manages that with ease.

In fact, because so much of the GPz's power is concentrated in the top third of the rev scale, it's even more exciting than many other similarly-sized machines. I mean, a power band on a 350cc two-stroke is one thing, but on an 1100...

Seventy mph is the magic figure in the GPz's case. Below that, it's very buzzy through the handlebars and footrests, and the rider takes the full force of the wind on her neck. The engine hasn't started to work

yet, and the whole plot feels as though it's straining to be unleashed (I've read that phrase quite a few times in Club, but it's usually not bikes they're talking about!).

But accelerate past that, and the transformation takes place. Everything smooths out, the fairing channels the wind away from your head, and you're suddenly aware of the tremendous power between your knees. Keep the throttle wound on to 7000rpm, and you hit the power band - wow!

High Speed

The long wheelbase means changes of line at high speed have to be well thought out, but stability is excellent so long as the tyres are kept at the correct pressure and they've plenty of tread on them - this baby eats rear tyres for breakfast, and even a careful rider would be lucky to make one last 3000 miles.

The reason for this, of course, is the huge amount of power the tyre puts down on the road: the 1089cc motor pumps out a claimed 120bhp, which is impressive by any standards, but even more so if you bear in mind the GPz has only two valves per cylinder, as opposed to the more usual four for this kind of bike.

But what really sets the

Dobie's TT Leathers two-piece suit, Nava Competition helmet, Ray boots and Rivets ladies gloves, courtesy of Rivets of London Ltd, 234/5 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

LOOK WHO'S RIDING LINZI TO THE RACES!



Club's new biker, Dawn Beaven, will be on the Isle of Man with Linzi to report on the biggest event in the motor cycle calendar. You can meet both Dawn and Linzi at the Palace Lido on 5th, 6th and 7th June.

all the time!

However, judging by the comments made to me, it seems as though Kawasaki have managed to please all the people as far as the GPz's appearance is concerned. And sure enough, it's fabulous. The bright red paintwork has a deep lustre that looks as though it'll keep its shine, and the black engine and exhaust system polish up a treat, even after riding the bike in grotty weather - of which there was quite a lot during the test period.

A nicely cleaned-up GPz really does look a million dollars. Speaking of which, what do you think of my matching red stockings and suspenders? They go with the GPz like fish goes with chips, don't you think? Unfortunately, I'm told Kawasaki have no plans to offer them as optional extras...

Split Second

The only thing spoiling the clean lines of the tank is a digital warning console, which is outside the rider's line of vision; and taking your eyes off the road for more than a split second on a roadburner like this is NOT a good idea. Also, the rev counter is, for some reason, smaller than the speedo and not at all easy to read.

The bike's fitted with a device

which cuts out the engine if you try to ride away with the side stand down. This played up during the test, and tried to stop me riding away even when the stand was up, cheeky devil! However, it's easy enough to disconnect and, in any case, it had taken a real battering from severe cold and all the road crud that's left lying around after a snowfall.

Muscle

Generally, it was an easy bike to live with, displaying no really major vices if treated with the respect it deserves. It started first time, every time, used very little oil and drank petrol at the reasonable rate of 42.9mpg overall.

There are bikes in the price/performance range of the GPz which offer more all-round versatility, but if you like 'em big 'n' butch, then they don't come with any more muscle than the Kawasaki GPz 1100. Reputation alone should see it in the showrooms for some time to come. Go see for yourself just how long and red it really is. Now, hankies out, lads, because this is my last Club Biker! I'm off to pastures new to take up a new challenge, but I'll really miss doing my column. I've had a great time and met lots of smashing people, so my best wishes go to them and, of course, to all of you. Ride on!

Kawasaki apart from the crowd is that it features computerized fuel injection - still very rare in motor cycling - in place of more conventional carburettors. This, of course, does away with the chore of having to balance carbs, which needs to be done fairly regularly on big four-cylinder bikes to keep them on song.

The computer - stored in the seat tail - monitors exactly how much fuel the engine needs at any given throttle opening: no more, no less. Clean, instant pick-up is available at the flick of a wrist.

And there never was any prospect of a poor, defenceless Club International model being stuck at the side of the road with a clapped-out computer. In the unlikely event of it packing up, there's a manual override which takes over to get you home.

I mentioned earlier how big and heavy the Kawasaki is, and it's immediately obvious the moment you first sit astride it. I thought my lack of physique was going to prove a major drawback, but, with one exception, there are no problems when the bike gets moving.

The one exception is when it

comes to attempting U-turns and other tight manoeuvres. Like the Suzuki Katana (Vol 13 No 10), the restricted lock of the low bars make these manoeuvres a long - and sometimes embarrassing - operation. Mere slips of girls will find the big red 'un a bit of a handful to push around at a standstill (and, yes, that includes me!).

Kid Gloves

Actually reaching a standstill on the GPz can be accomplished without fuss, provided the rear brake is handled with kid gloves (this especially applies on wet or damp roads). Otherwise, it's liable to lock the back wheel. It happened to me once and made my parties as wet as the road! Definitely not recommended.

As usual, the local lads were queuing up for a ride with me. This gave me a good opportunity to find out how good the pillion seat was (any excuse, Elliott! - Ed.). And all is well here. The footrests are nicely placed, there's a big grab rail to hang on to and plenty of room on the seat; indeed, one bod thought there was too much room, which just goes to show you can't please all the people



KAWASAKI GPz 1100

Engine:	1089cc, four-cylinder, four-stroke. Two valves per cylinder. Maximum power 120bhp at 8750rpm, maximum torque 73.8ft/lbs at 8000rpm.
Transmission:	Five-speed gearbox. Final drive by sealed roller chain.
Performance:	Top speed 150mph (est.). Average fuel consumption 42.9mpg.
Price:	£3199 inc. car tax and VAT.
Warranty:	Twelve months unlimited mileage.
Importer:	Kawasaki Motors (UK) Ltd, 748/749 Deal Avenue, Trading Estate, Slough, Berkshire SL1 4SH.

WOMEN'S

Whites

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Jeanetta finally gets her own way with her dream man when she lets him chase her at a party...

I love going to parties. I'm a very bubbly, petite and pretty brunette, and I'm very popular with the boys. I like being attractive and having fun.

A few weeks ago, I was at a party and Ralph was there. Now, I must tell you, Ralph is the most gorgeous bloke I've ever seen. I've had a thing about him ever since I first laid eyes on him, which is about three years now. He's so sexy, I practically wet my knickers every time I see him. I'm not the only one, either. He's always surrounded by girls.

I was looking very good that night. I was wearing a shortish skirt with seamed stockings and high black stilettos and a little top and jacket.

I was wiggling around the party saying hello to everyone, when I came face to face with Ralph in the corridor. I hadn't seen him for a while, but he still had the same effect on me.

I didn't want him to think I

was running after him – I always think men should do the chasing, anyway. And however much I fancy someone, I don't go after them. I just gave him a smile and said hello and then went off to socialise some more.

I could feel his eyes following me around. Every room I went into, he'd appear a couple of minutes later. I pretended not to notice him, but acted very sexy with everyone and made sure he kept looking and following me. I flirted with lots of the blokes – who were quite happy to flirt back – just to let him see I could manage quite well without his attention. Either he'd have to chat me up, or nothing was going to happen. But I knew before the night was out I'd have him where I wanted him.

He finally got right up close to me in the kitchen. I was getting

myself a drink and he came up behind me and asked me to get him one too. I turned round and then we got talking.

My cunt was getting really juicy with him standing so near me. He had such a sexy physical effect on me that, unconsciously, I was sticking my tits out at him and moving my body very provocatively.

Sexy Kisses

Our bodies seemed to get closer and closer as we talked, until he was close enough to drop a couple of sexy kisses on my cheek near my lips and my neck.

I was feeling really lusty by now. I couldn't wait to get together with him for a fuck. Other people at the party were already coupling off quite openly, but I didn't really fancy getting off with Ralph on the floor in front of everyone. I was

feeling far too randy for that.

We went off together in search of a vacant bedroom. We found one and shut the door firmly behind us. Standing up, we started snogging like a pair of teenagers, our hands wandering all over and our tongues swirling together. I find snogging very steamy, and I was getting more turned on every second with Ralph.

Breathing Heavily

I unzipped his flies and put my hand inside his trousers. His prick was hard and the tip was wet from the drops of his juice which had leaked out in the excitement. While I fumbled with his hard prick, making it twitch in my fingers, he lifted my top and played with my stiff nipples between his fingertips.

We were both breathing heavily and getting more excited all the time. We got down on the floor and started rubbing our bodies together frantically. Even without taking our clothes off, we seemed to have easy access to each other's important bits. I was still holding his prick in my hand and his mouth and teeth were working on my bra-less tits. As we explored and excited each other more, we were panting like a couple of people who'd been celibate for the past ten years – which definitely wasn't true in my case.

Neither of us particularly wanted to screw there. Everyone would know what we'd been doing – not that it mattered anyway – and you can't have a good fuck if you know someone might try to walk in any minute. So he asked me to go back to his place with him.

It took a long time to get out of the party, as we both had to say goodbye to practically everyone, but the anticipation and waiting was getting my cunt wetter than ever. Eventually we made it out of there and into his car.

We snogged in the car for a while, before Ralph got it together to get his engine going and we whizzed off to his place.

We practically had all our clothes off before we got in the bedroom. He stared at my big, firm breasts. I moved my body to make them wobble about and, nearly instantly, his prick sprang up solid.

He pulled me over to the bed and he lay down on his back. He held his cock up between his fingers and asked me to suck it. I bent over him and sucked it into my mouth. As it



I was moving my body very provocatively.

sank in. I tickled the glans with my tongue and felt a surge of spunk rising up inside the shaft, making it thicker and harder. He was really loving it as my mouth went up and down on him.

When I thought his prick was as hard as it would go, I stopped sucking it and squatted on top of him. I held his prick upright and lowered my very wet cunt down on it. As I took his length in inch by inch, it stretched my lubricated cunt walls and filled me completely.

I began to move my hips up and down and backwards and forwards, getting his prick all round me inside. He was moan-

ing softly from the sensations in his prick as I kept it up.

Then I moved my body up and down faster. I wanted to see him come, and already I saw he didn't have far to go. I bounced even faster, giving his prick the full treatment now, and suddenly his body started to jerk and he groaned. 'I'm coming! I'm coming!'

After he came, he breathed heavily. I stayed on top of him until his prick was too flaccid to stay up. I got up off him, and when his floppy prick plopped out of me, sticky come dribbled down the inside of my legs and made them clammy.

We both lay back and re-

laxed. Then I massaged his body all over with my hands and tits, which, after about half-an-hour, got him going again. It was gorgeous watching his prick coming back to life until it was completely hard again.

Long Slow Strokes

He rolled on top of me and I opened my legs to let his prick inside me. He squeezed my tits and fucked me with long, slow strokes. He was doing it for about quarter of an hour and it was beautiful. Slowly, I felt myself coming to a climax. I hoped he'd be able to keep up the rhythm until I came. I needn't

have worried. Ralph was in no hurry this time. He just kept it up until I finally came. He'd worked me up so well, I had a beautiful long orgasm without any rush.

Afterwards, it felt wonderful as he went in and out of me, quickening the pace, working himself up to his second orgasm and filling me full of come yet again.

We both drifted off into a wonderful sleep afterwards. When we woke up early the next morning, of course we were both ready for more. He had a beautiful hard-on which I was eager to make the most of.

Jeanetta, Wrexham

Ursula is taken on as a cleaner, but no cleaning gets done on her first day...

I have been married for seven years, but it is now nearly four months since my husband fucked me. When we first got married, he wanted it every night and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but suddenly he stopped doing me and I got quite desperate for it. Now I am having an affair with a man at work.

Holiday

His wife is several years older than him, and although they have a couple of kids they don't seem very happy together. It all started when I got a job as an evening cleaner at a local hospital.

I had decided to stick the job out till summer, so as to get a bit of money behind me to help pay for a holiday. I remember distinctly - after handing over my Job Centre introduction card to the uniformed security guard and following him into the hospital - saying under my breath: 'This place smells of death and disinfectant.' Then I found myself standing in front of the supervisor, a small man who had a tiny office in the basement.

'Name?' he snapped. I told him.

'Age?'

'Twenty-seven.'

'The hours are seven till ten, Monday to Friday. OK?'

He took my P45, at the same time waving another man over

to attend to me - Wally, the chargehand cleaner. He was a big, red-faced Irishman, a brewery labourer during the day, in shirt sleeves and a blue bib-and-brace overall.

Wally was about 40, and looked a bit like Tom Jones, the singer. For some reason, I couldn't help staring at the bulge in the front of his trousers. It was so big and hard, it fascinated me. He introduced me to the other women cleaners. I shook hands all round.

'What happens now?' asked.

'Get changed and follow me,' Wally said. I followed him along a shiny corridor that led deep into the main hospital building.

The walls and floors reeked of disinfectant.

Beckoning me along, he led me up some stone steps and into the storeroom, which was stacked with shiny new buckets, tins of floor polish and bundles of yellow dusters, and began to fill a glass with gin. When it was half-full, he handed it to me.

'Glad to have you aboard, Ursula.'

Green Nylon

I took the glass and Wally opened a bottle of stout for himself. I was wearing a green nylon overall, under which I had only a bra, black nylon panties, nylon stockings hooked to a

tiny black suspender belt, and high-heeled shoes. We sat down on a cardboard box full of cartons of Sanilav, and started necking.

Wally got my nylon overall open and had his hand inside my bra, and just when I started getting worked up and expecting him to feel my tits, one of the other cleaners knocked on the door.

'Wally,' she called. 'I need a new mop.' When he didn't answer, she knocked again. 'You oughtn't to fall asleep in there,' she called disapprovingly. 'Come back later, Sheila,' Wally shouted. 'I'm filling in my pools coupon.' I took a cigarette from the pack that



My body heaved while I groaned in ecstasy

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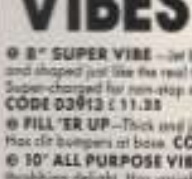
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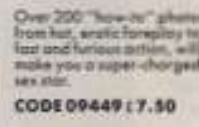
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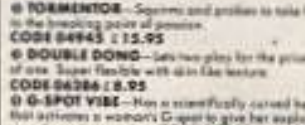
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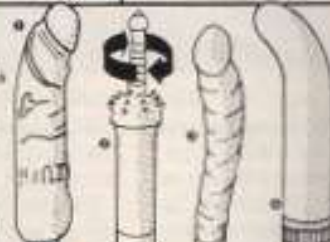
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WOMEN'S

Writes

Wally thrust towards me and stared, unable to take my eyes away from the huge bulge in his trousers.

'He's got a bigger chopper than my old man,' I thought, or maybe I muttered it aloud.

'Now, what are your legs like?' Wally asked.

Provocative

I stood up, stepped past a stack of mops and pails and, shuddering a little, lifted the nylon overall just above my knees.

'I want to see your thighs,' he said, opening another bottle of beer. I unfastened my stockings, and, one by one, slipped them off my legs in a slow, provocative manner.

'Holy Mother!' he gasped. 'You've got a smashing pair of pins!' Then he brought a hand around to the front of my trembling body and began to unbutton my overall. And when I was open in front, his hand reached behind my back for the metal snap on my bra. He fumbled with the clasp and I felt it give way. Then he was at the front once more.

I closed my eyes as his hand pressed down over my naked flesh, his fingers hurting.

The crush of his hot mouth sealed my lips. My head was spinning. What had come over me? I was a married woman, and now I was in the arms of a handsome stranger. I was allowing him to take liberties I ordinarily would never dream of, and, what was even worse, I didn't want him to stop. Even now, as I rationally described my own sinful behaviour, I hoped his wandering hand would explore beyond where it was.

Wally clamped his hot mouth to mine as his fingers went between my legs, under the narrow strip of black nylon pantie, to the wet lips of my vagina. A cry came from my lips as his long middle finger was thrust

into my sheath of clinging, wet flesh. I began to heave and twist my body on the long digit within my body.

'Stop it, Wally. You'll make me come in your hand,' I cried weakly. Then he grasped my panties with both hands, and as I arched my back, slid them easily down over my thighs, and off.

I watched excitedly as he took his clothes off and knelt between my legs. He was very tall and the constant lifting of heavy beer crates and wine barrels had hardened his body until his back and chest were laced with sinewy layers of muscle.

'Do I have to wear a rubber?' he asked. I shook my head. The chargehand's penis jutted out from his body like a giant pink sausage. It was about eight inches long and three inches thick, with the loose foreskin drawn right back from the bulging cock head, the end all red and shiny.

I felt his fingers parting the wet lips of my vagina... and suddenly, the hard stab of a thick pole of hot flesh. An explosion of frightful pain and fire numbed the tops of my legs and tore at my stomach as he fucked me harder than any man had ever fucked me before.

I writhed beneath him, cushioning him with my softness, my body heaving spasmodically while I groaned in abandoned ecstasy. Then I felt the hard shaft of flesh expanding inside my body... felt him slowing down... felt his movements becoming jerkier and more erratic as his eyes rolled around helplessly in his head and his balls began pumping spurt after spurt of hot, white sperm deep into my heaving belly.

Waves Of Delight

My hips began to writhe and twist against him, taking the whole of his spurring cock as deep into my trembling cunt as I could. Waves of delight engulfed us. We gripped each

other tightly, gasping out our pleasure. It was ten o'clock when Wally and I finally came out of the storeroom. We kissed and groped each other for a few minutes more and then I went to clock off.

Ursula, London

Susie gets the five-star treatment from a black hunk when she's supposed to be making his bed...

I am a very penniless student in London. In the holidays, I chambermaid in one of the big hotels in Park Lane to earn some extra money to supplement my grant and get me through the next term.

You do the rooms at around 11 o'clock in the morning - that's usually the time by which everyone's out of their room and gone down to breakfast or out. The idea is not to disturb the guests. If someone's still in their room while I'm doing my rounds, I have to go back and do it later.

Strange Goings-on

Quite a lot of rich and famous people stay at this hotel and I often walk in on some very strange goings-on after getting-up time. When this happens, I have to scuttle out and pretend I haven't noticed anything. It opens your eyes, I can tell you - but I still have to tidy up after it.

I'm quite an attractive, leggy blonde girl, but the overalls we have to wear aren't exactly the most flattering outfits ever made - definitely not cut out to show off a girl's best features, so I don't expect the high-lifers to fall about trying to get their hands on me. But it has happened.

As usual, I was working my way up the corridor doing my dusting and bed-making and leaving out the rooms with a 'Do not disturb' sign on the door.

Anyway, I walked in to one of the rooms thinking it was empty, but it wasn't. There was a very hunky black guy standing mixing himself a drink in nothing but a light blue dressing gown.

I was just about to walk out again when he called me back and asked me if I'd have a drink

with him as it was no fun drinking on his own. I said I wasn't supposed to do that sort of thing, but he just laughed and said: 'The customer's always right!' He seemed very friendly, and he was certainly good-looking and sexy, so I didn't mind risking it and staying there for a little bit and having a drink with him. Then I remembered I'd better go and hide my trolley which was outside the door - in case the manager or someone came past and saw it.

When I came back, Daniel had mixed me a Buck's Fizz and we sat down and started talking. He was from New York and he plays in a big band which was over here to do a tour.

He had really sexy legs, very long and muscley, like an Olympic runner. I could just imagine him in a really tight pair of trousers wriggling his bum at a disco.

After a couple of drinks and some chit-chat he started telling me that he really went for blonde chicks, and he asked me if I had blonde pubic hair as well - which I have, by the way. I started getting the feeling that I wasn't going to get out of there that morning with just a couple of drinks inside me.

I noticed his dressing gown twitching up and down. He obviously fancied me in spite of my overalls. As our conversation had already got quite intimate by this time, I asked him if I could have a look at his you-know-what as I'd never seen a black man's cock before. I told him I'd heard that they were bigger than white men's, and some of my girlfriends had told me they could do a lot more with it as well.

He thought it was quite funny



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WOMEN'S

Writes

and said I was quite welcome to have a look at his and he'd welcome the chance to show me what he could do with it, too, so I could see for myself if what my friends said was true.

Well, I thought he was going to open his dressing gown to show me his cock, but he said if I wanted a look I'd have to go over and unveil it myself. I don't know whether he expected me to do it or not, but I was a tiny bit tipsy by this time, and I really was quite curious to see his cock by now.

I went over to him and he stood up. His cock was still covered but it was making his dressing gown stick out quite a lot. I took one side of the dressing gown in my hand and slowly moved it to one side.

Well, there it was – long, thick and black and sticking out at a right angle from his groin, surrounded by very curly black hair. I didn't need a microscope to see it either. It was very attractive to look at, especially in that condition – when you can see it's still got a bit more to go before it's at full battering-ram stiffness.

Nothing turns me on like the sight of a hard cock and I could

feel myself getting very wet. I let his dressing gown go and Daniel's cock jutted out hard and black between the pale blue material.

He said: 'Satisfied?' and I didn't know quite where things would go from there. But Daniel kept the ball rolling by suggesting that he'd like to see my blonde pubic hair. He said he wouldn't do anything; he just wanted to have a look – a likely story.

He poured a couple more drinks while I got rid of my overall and underwear. Daniel's cock twitched upwards, so I obviously looked better naked than with my overalls on.

He looked at my fanny and said that it looked very pretty, and asked me if it felt as good as it looked. At the same time as saying this, he was taking his dressing gown off and coming towards me.

Different Skins

He put his arms around me and pressed our bodies together. I tingled when I looked at the different shades of our skins. It was incredibly sexy, him so dark and me so white.

He was moving his hips round and grinding his cock against me. It was beautifully

hard and hot, sticking into the flesh of my belly.

He began to kiss me on my shoulders and my neck, and I let my hands slide down his back to his taut bum, which I squeezed, pulling him harder against me at the same time.

I parted my hot thighs slightly and raised myself slowly up on to my tiptoes. At the same time, he bent his knees so I could get his cock between my legs.

We both moved our hips so his long cock slid against my pussy entrance. As the shaft moved back and forth along my lips, my cunt juices covered it, making the whole length wet and slippery. The feel of his balls softly brushing against my upper thighs as he came right up close was amazing too.

With our bodies still pressed together, we moved over to the bed and fell on to it. The whole weight of his body was on top of me.

He put his hands on the insides of my thighs and pulled my legs about as far apart as they would go. Then I felt the tip of his big cock prodding at my juicy pussy lips. It was a real wind-up, because every time he pressed forward, I expected him to shove the whole lot up me, but he just pushed his cock head about an inch into my cunt.

He lifted himself up on his arms. His cock was so hard now, it was sticking up parallel to his body. I took hold of it and forced it down so that the tip touched my clitoris and started masturbating myself with it. He had to lower his hips so I could get a good pressure on it.

I pulled a pillow under my head so my head was propped up and I could see his dark, long cock against my blonde

fanny. It was a sensational sight. I started to come in almost no time.

I started to gasp as I orgasmed, and Daniel plunged his full length, hard and strong, into me up to the top.

I wrapped my legs round his back and gripped tightly as he pummelled into me with long but very fast strokes. He had the best cock I'd ever felt and the way he used it was making me come ready to burst.

As soon as I'd finished, he pulled out of me and kissed his way over my ivory-white bosoms and stomach. Just the sight of the contrast between our skins started getting me going again. His lips were warm and slightly moist, too.

Tongue Out

He was quickly heading towards my fanny. When he got there, out came his tongue, which darted between my swollen clitoris and cunt, doing things to me I'd never imagined.

After a while, he turned me over on to my front, and I shifted myself on to my knees and arched my back. My ass was sticking up high, displaying my pink cunt lips protruding through my blonde hair. Daniel kept his tongue working at my wet cunt and I put one hand to my clitoris to masturbate myself to another orgasm.

The next thing I knew, Daniel's cock was inside me again. He spread my cunt wide with his fingers and jammed it all in, filling me right up again, and really going at it.

I started coming again with his cock driving into me from the back. He really knew how to lay it on you. What a fuck that was. When he came, he grunted loudly and packed his solid cock in hard. I swear I almost felt his spunk gushing out of him into my belly like the water out of a fireman's hose.

I've never come like that before – I've never been fucked like that before – and I can tell you I was weak at the knees for the rest of the day. I still feel horny when I think about it.

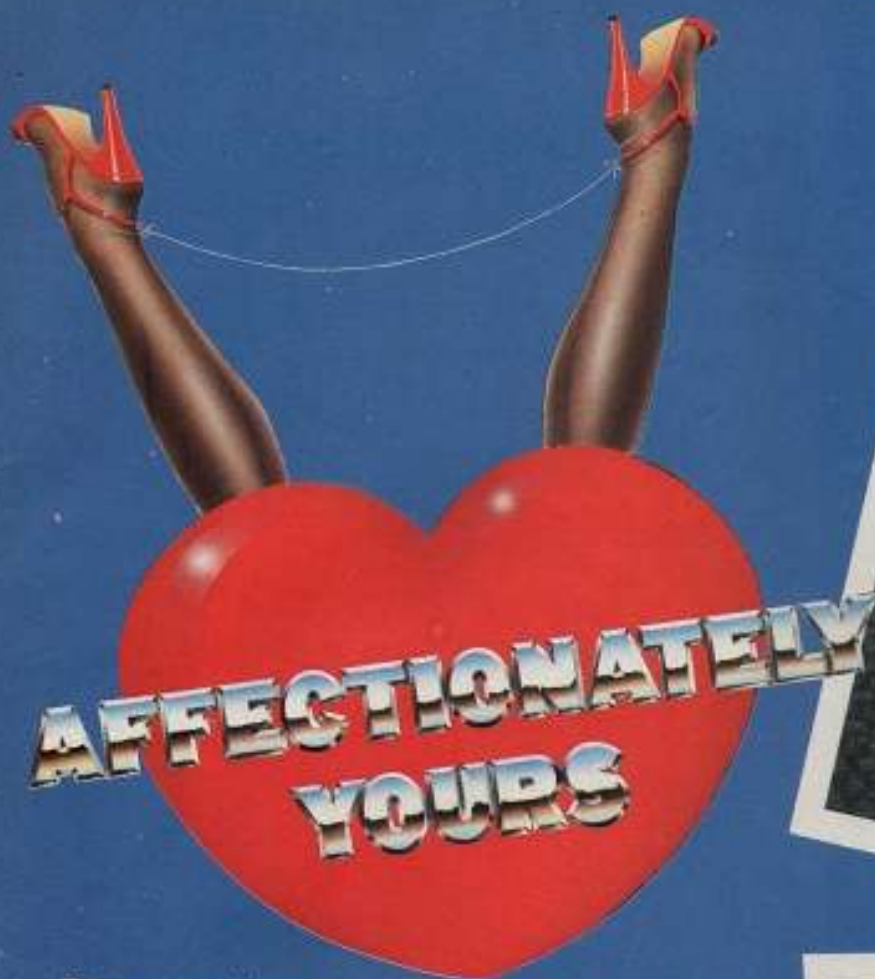
After that fucking session, and a little bit of time to recover, Daniel suggested we mix another couple of drinks and take a bath together.

I agreed to the bath, but I thought I'd better lay off the alcohol and just stick to orange juice to get my energy back, otherwise I'd never have got out of his room.

Susie, London



He poured the drinks while I got rid of my overalls



These pages belong to you, the reader, to let you show off your nearest and dearest. As well as making a lot of people very happy, you'll be paid £25 for each entry, regardless of the number of photographs used. Sorry, but we can't guarantee return of pictures.



Some very tempting glimpses of what Karen, from Slough, has to offer.

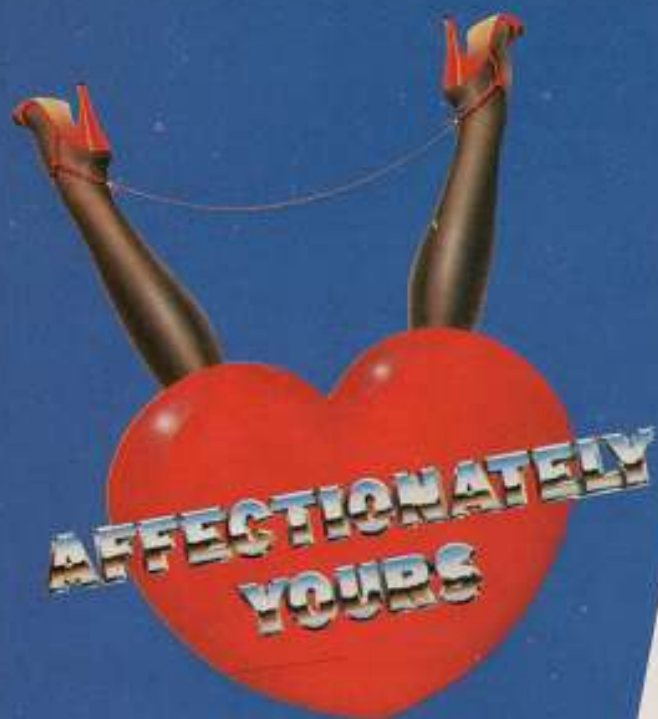


Sharon, we're told, is a bit of an exhibitionist who likes to wear sexy underwear. OK for some, eh...?





Faye, from Hertfordshire, had us all in raptures with her rather convincing 'come and get me' expression.

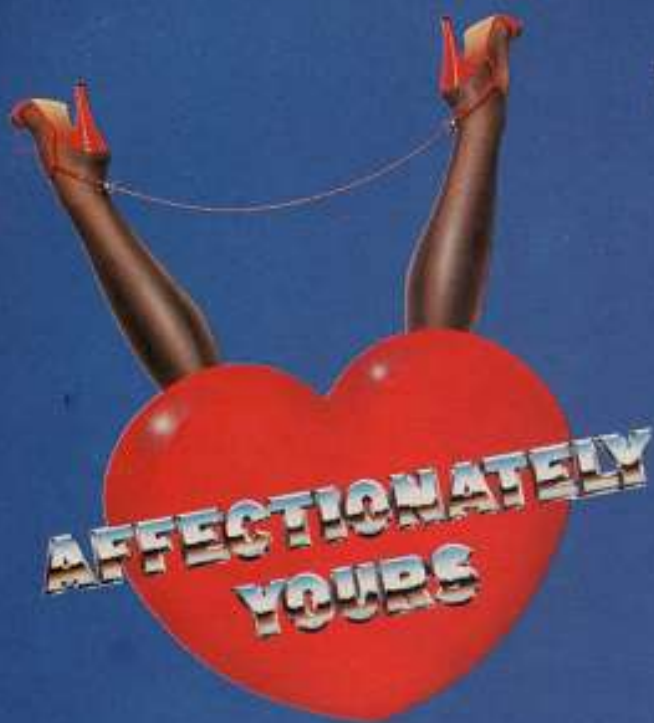


A very welcome repeat showing for Sara of Sussex. Keep 'em coming, Sara (if you know what we mean).



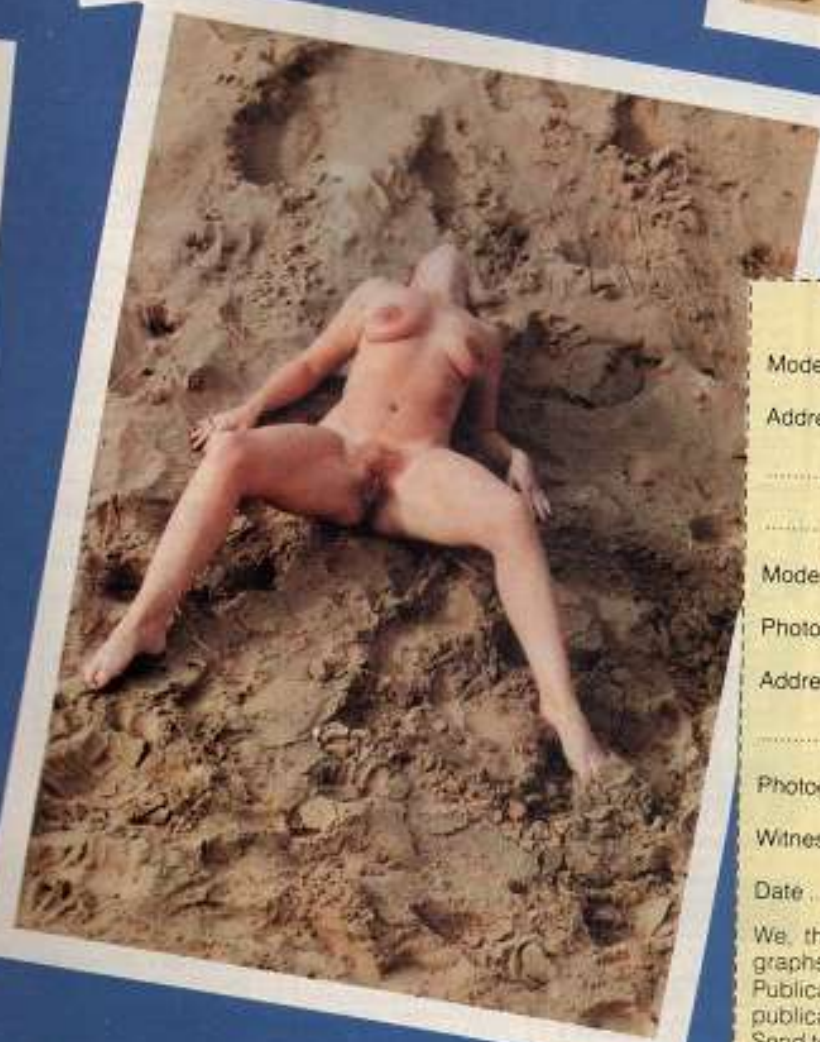


And it's second time
around for Manchester's
Patsy, too. Well, as they
say, you can't have too
much of a good thing.



This delightful Dutch lady goes by the rather cute name of Titia. No smart comments, please.





Yes, the Aureolae of the Month award goes without doubt to Susan. Very tasty!

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LONDON male, 36 seeks ladies
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phy and sexy fun, A.L.A. Mid-
lands area. Box No. 562684.

MALE 18, 4'4" seeks lady 20-40 for
tutoring. Box No. 562696.

ATTRACTIVE professional couple
30/36 Chichester/Bognor. Seek
similar couple/single female for
sexy frolics. Photo essential.
Box No. 562724.

MANCHESTER male 40 versati-
lized, randy, handsome, seeks
women for sexy love, my place
or yours. Box No. 562719.

COUPLE £15 wish to meet lady for
threesome, can accommodate.
Leeds. Box No. 562722.

READING superb 66 (46), male
seeks "fun". Box No. 562721.

COUPLE £12/£42 seek attractive
couple for sexy fun, first tim-
ers, discretion a must, travel or
accommodate, undraped photo
and phone number appreciated.
S. Wales. Box No. 562712.

GLASGOW - shy inexperienced
athlete, working (26) seeks
females for friendship/tutoring,
photo appreciated. Box No.
562711.

MALE 26, seeks female for fun,
frolics, friendship, 18-40,
photo? All replies answered.
Home Counties/anywhere. Box
No. 562710.

ENGLISHMAN 41, Birmingham,
seeks black female, any age, no
fees. All replies immediately
answered. Box No. 562713.

GENEROUS lonely male wants
sexy girl pen-friends, postage
refunds. Box No. 562714.

MALE 33 seeks Strathclyde ladies
for weekends in country, must
love 'O', photo/phone. Box No.
562715.

ATTRACTIVE couple, late twen-
ties, seek similar for fun even-
ings, photo please, our by
return. Nervous first timers.
Berkshire. Box No. 562716.

MALE 24, seeks experienced
female 20-40 for tuition, no
fees, undraped photo please,
interests - Solvency, working,
Sheffield area. Box No. 562738.

ATTRACTIVE male 42 yrs, seeks
randy ladies for fun in Danford
area. Photo appreciated. Box
No. 562735.

KENT, attractive couple £28w/30
seek attractive couples for fun
(first timers) no hardies, please
send photo and telephone num-
ber, discretion assured, must be
clear. Box No. 562712.

ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES

1. PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS PER WORD (INDIVIDUAL)	
Men Only	£1.15
Club International	£0.85
Escort	£0.95
Racine	£0.60
Group cost (all magazines)	£2.90
2. BOX NUMBERS Any advertiser may have a Box Number. All personal advertise- ments must have a Box Number CHARGE	
	£3.00
3. BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS PER WORD (INDIVIDUAL)	
Men Only	£2.25
Club International	£1.75
Escort	£2.25
Racine	£1.15
Group Cost (all magazines)	£4.80
4. BORDERED ADVERTISEMENTS PER CONTINENT (INDIVIDUAL)	
Men Only	£20.75
Club International	£20.00
Escort	£23.00
Racine	£11.00
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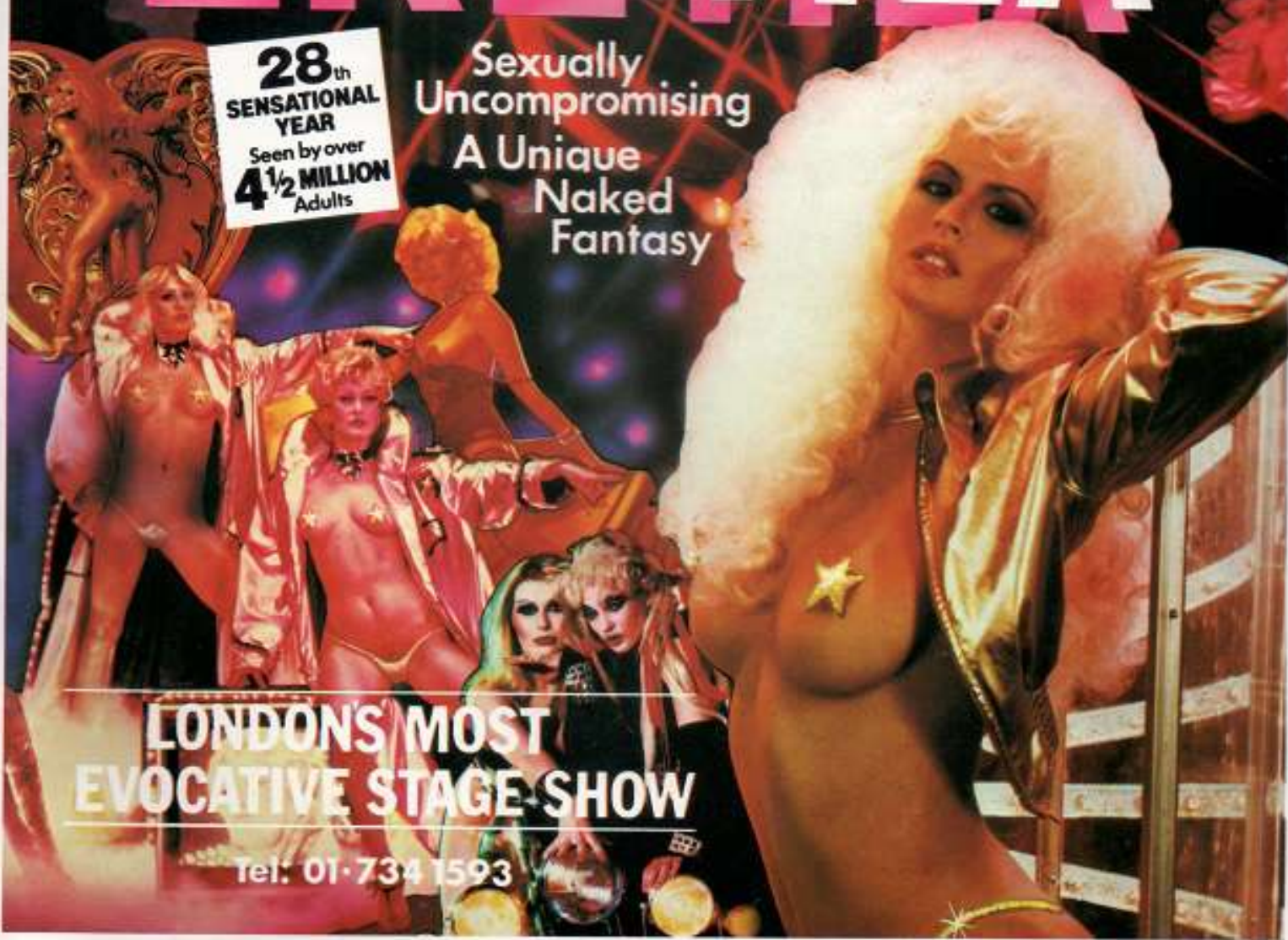
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